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CONCERNING THE HOLY MASS

I

AS Abbot Ford does me the honour of associating my name with that of Father de la Taille in his critique of *Two Books on the Holy Sacrifice*,* I deem it needful to offer some observations with a view to clarifying the issue.

First of all I will point out some misapprehensions on the part of our critic. He says "the object of the two authors . . . is to combat what they tell us is the current teaching in our seminaries on the oneness of the Sacrifice of our Redemption." On this I observe that the teaching in our seminaries, so far as it sets forth the doctrine of the Church regarding the Sacrifice of our Redemption, is not combated; it is the theories of theologians since the Council of Trent that are combated, and these but incidentally. Conflicting theories do not constitute a "teaching." Our object has been, not to put forward a new theory of the Mass, but to restore the old and traditional conception of it.

One of the most serious of the writer's misapprehensions is to be found in his attributing to us the statement that "at the Last Supper Christ did not offer up Himself, but only his coming Passion." At page 41 of my book I say, speaking of what Christ did at the Last Supper: "By an act, then, of His all-powerful will, He offered Himself, His Body and His Blood under the appearances of bread and wine, as the Sacrifice of our Ransom and the Food of

* The DUBLIN REVIEW, No. 354, pp. 29-42.

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our souls." It must be plain to every thinking mind that the Passion could not be separated and offered apart from Him who suffered.

But I pass over minor points and come to the main point. Did our Lord offer in the Supper a Sacrifice other than that which He consummated on the Cross? On page 31 the writer plainly implies that He did. I quote: "Thus Christ offered Himself on two occasions and in two manners." Let us see whether this can be squared with Scripture. Speaking of Christ as Priest for ever according to the order of Melchisedech, St. Paul says: "Who needeth not to offer daily, as the [Jewish] priests do, first for his own sins, and then for the sins of the people; for this He did once in offering Himself" (Heb. vii 27). And again: "And as it is appointed unto men once to die, and after this the judgement; so Christ was once offered to take away the sins of many" (*ibid.*, ix 27, 28). In this latter place, as is plain from the context, "once offered" is referred to the death of Christ on the Cross. In the former passage, on the other hand, the direct reference is to the offering which Christ made of Himself, not to His immolation or death; for while Christ offered Himself, He died at the hands of others. Thus St. Paul expressly tells us that the offering took place "once" and the immolation "once." On the other hand, the Council of Trent teaches that this one offering was made in the Supper, and we know the one immolation was consummated on the Cross. Therefore Christ did not offer Himself on two occasions, and what He offered in the Supper was the Sacrifice of the Cross.

It is worth while remarking also that in the original Greek of the former of the two passages cited from the Epistle to the Hebrews we have the aorist active, in the latter the aorist passive—what Christ did, what was done to Him. What He did was the offering; what was done to Him the immolation. And so we have one offering, one immolation, one complete sacrifice.

Let it be noted further, as bearing out the strict construction put upon the "seipsum offerendo" of Heb.

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vi 27, that St. Paul there sharply contrasts our Sin Offering with the sin offering of the Old Testament. Now the law of this latter was that the sinner should slay the victim and the priest should offer the sacrifice. From this it follows that "seipsum offerendo" of the text can be understood only of the offering that Christ made of Himself, not of the slaying of Him by the sinners of the world.

In the foregoing passages, as also in Heb. xiii 10-12 (*cf. The Sacrifice of the Mass*, p. 130), St. Paul tacitly refers us to Leviticus for the rite of our One Offering for sin. And, indeed, the Sacrifice of the New Law is pre-eminently a sin-offering. Theologians speculate as to whether there should be sacrifice had there been no sin. But one thing is certain: the Son of God became man to take away the sin of the world by the sacrifice of Himself. And the coming event cast its shadow before in the Old Testament. So the rite of our Sacrifice is clearly outlined for us in the rite of the Old Testament sin offering. The salient features of that rite, as I point out at page 78 of my book, are (1) the offering and consecration of the living victim, (2) the immolation, (3) the ceremonial offering of the victim slain by the carrying of the blood into the sanctuary, (4) the feast upon the sacrifice. How exactly this rite is carried out in our Sin Offering is plain to be seen. Our Lord offers and consecrates Himself in the Supper, is slain on Calvary, and His Blood is introduced into the Christian sanctuary daily by the word which was once spoken at the Supper, and as St. Chrysostom has it "perfects the sacrifice on every altar to the end of time."

There is another way of showing that what our Lord offered in the Supper was the Sacrifice of the Cross. The Mass is the continuation of that Sacrifice. "The Passion of the Lord," as St. Cyprian has it, "is the Sacrifice that we offer." This is the ancient tradition of the Church. St. Augustine says that the Sacrifice of our Ransom was offered for the soul of his mother. The prayers of the Mass clearly attest this. Let me cite here my summing up of the matter on page 22 of my book:

"*Legem credendi lex statuat supplicandi.* The belief

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of the Church about the great Sacrifice that she offers from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof is mirrored in these beautiful prayers. She regards it as carrying on the work of our redemption, as the Mystery of our Lord's Passion, in which the very wounds of the Only Begotten Son of God are offered to the Father as the price of our redemption. She declares it to be the spotless evening Sacrifice which the Only Begotten offered up on the Cross for the salvation of the world, the Sacrifice by the offering of which Christ set the world free from the bonds of sin, the offering again of that same spotless and willing Victim that hung upon the Cross for our sins. Here we have the thought of the Church as she stands at God's altar, with the Bread of Life and the Cup of Salvation in her hands. Words must be construed to mean the reverse of what they say, else is the Sacrifice of the Mass, in the mind of the Church that offers it, one and the same, in the strictest and most formal sense, with the Sacrifice of the Cross."

The Mass is thus not a new sacrifice, not a sacrifice other than that which our Lord consummated on the Cross, but the continuation, the offering over and over again of that same sacrifice. Now what we offer in the Mass is what Christ first offered in the Supper. Our only warrant for doing what we do is that He bade us do it. "Do this," He said, "for a commemoration of Me." As therefore it is His Passion that we offer and commemorate in the Mass—that is, His sufferings and the death He underwent for us—it follows that this is what He offered in the Supper, seeing that we are but doing what He did and bade us do.

To clinch the argument from Scripture we have the words of Heb. ix 25, 26: "Nor yet that He should offer Himself often . . . for then He must have suffered often from the beginning of the world." Here the Apostle plainly signifies that to every offering for sin correspond suffering and death for sin. And so if our Lord had offered more than once He should have suffered and died more than once, according to the Scripture. Therefore He did not offer Himself on two occasions, else must he have died on two occasions.

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Every time that the high-priest of old made an offering for sin, he had to slay an animal, and with the blood of this victim make expiation for sin in the holy place. "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission"; so it was decreed. Now the priest of the olden time offered, not his own blood, but the blood of an animal which could make expiation for sin only in virtue of the blood that was to be shed on the Cross. Hence if our Lord had to offer often, he would have to die often, since it was with His own Blood He was to make expiation, and every time expiation for sin was made from the beginning of the world His Blood would have to be shed. This necessarily implies that the offering for sin involves the actual shedding of blood even unto death. And so according to the Apostle the offering made by our Lord in the Supper involved the actual shedding of His Blood on the Cross. As He actually shed His Blood once, as He died once, He offered Himself once and once only.

The idea that our Lord offered Himself twice, which is so plainly opposed to Scripture, is also repugnant to reason. He made the ceremonial offering of Himself in the Supper as Priest according to the order of Melchise-dech. There was no ceremonial offering on Calvary and no public worship of God, but rather jibes and derision. Now suppose the Jews had been able to put our Lord to death one of the many times they tried to do so before He made the ceremonial offering of Himself in the Supper, their deed would have been murder simply, and not sacrifice. Sacrifice is, and has been from the beginning of the world by God's own institution, a public rite, the supreme act of the public worship of God. As such it is something of which men can take cognizance, which the world can be aware of. But if the men of Nazareth had succeeded in casting our Lord down headlong from the brow of the hill whereon their city was built, their crime would have passed into history as the murder of Jesus the Son of Joseph the carpenter.

Merely internal acts can never suffice for that which is of its very nature external and public. Thus, if Samuel

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had not anointed David, the son of Jesse would never have been recognized as King of Israel. So, if the internal act of offering sufficed for sacrifices, God would never have bidden Abraham go up the mountain with his son and there lay him upon an altar and take up his knife to slay him. He who is the Searcher of hearts knew that Abraham was willing to sacrifice his son before he gave the first outward token of his willingness.

Such notable and solemn functions as the appointment of a ruler and the offering of sacrifice to God are not done, as the Italians say, *alla buona*, or, as we say in English, "any old how," but have to be performed in accordance with certain prescribed rites and ceremonies. The internal act of offering would not, therefore, have sufficed to make the death of Christ on Calvary a sacrifice. It was the ceremonial offering in the Supper which turned what else had been Deicide pure and simple into the One Offering for the sins of the world which is ever more continued on our altars under the forms of bread and wine.

If, on the other hand, our Lord, after He had offered Himself in the Supper, had not suffered the pangs of His Passion and shed His Blood upon the Cross, He would never have blotted out the handwriting of the decree that was against us. He would not have been a real and actual Victim, but would have remained the Victim designate. Even the old pagans knew that the wily Simon would not have been a real victim even though he should have worn above his temples for a time the sacrificial fillet that was being prepared for him. They, too, believed that the higher powers required the actual shedding of blood even unto the laying down of life. See Virgil's *Aeneid*, Book II, lines 115-134. Their deities, whom we know to have been but apes of the one only true and living God, were not to be appeased save "with the blood of a virgin slain."

Sanguine placastis ventos et virgine caesa,
Quum primum Iliacas, Danai, venistis ad oras.

O men of Greece, with blood, a virgin's gore,
Ye stilled the winds, then sought the Trojan shore.

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I conceive that I am now dispensed from any further observations on the critique of our books by the Abbot Ford. I will only add that what Father de la Taille and myself put forward is not a theory but a thesis, which may be formulated in these words: The One Sacrifice of the New Law Christ inaugurated in the Supper by the offering of His Body and Blood under forms of bread and wine, consummated on the Cross, and continues to offer up evermore on the altars of the Church by the ministry of His priests.

BISHOP MACDONALD.

II

CARDINAL BILLOT AND THE EUCHARISTIC DISCUSSION

Père de la Taille, S.J., in writing his work *Mysterium Fidei*, created a stir rarely equalled in recent theological activities. His book by itself, by its wealth of quotations, its array of proofs, and even by its accompanying illustrations, was calculated to make an impression. The subsequent promotion of its writer to a theological chair in Rome seemed to give more than an *imprimatur* to the views which the *Mysterium Fidei* upheld. Indeed, so great was the impression made by this work which had won, or had seemed to win, for its writer a Roman professorship, that any challenge offered to its doctrine was taken to be temerarious. A strange portfolio could be made of the epithets used by Catholic critics when reviewing the studied judgement we felt it our duty to pass on what we frankly called the errors of Père de la Taille.

Of course, to all students of the history of theological discussion it was evident that the widespread mood of optimistic approval could not last, but would sooner or later pass into a sober judgement and even into a sober condemnation. Yet even the best-read students of history could not have foreseen that the condemnation of Père de

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la Taille would come so soon—would come from one of his own religious brethren, would come from Rome, and would come from the Sacred College of Cardinals! The condemnation in question is given in a recent work from whose title-page we quote: "DE ECCLESIAE SACRAMENTIS Commentarius in tertiam Partem S. Thomae auctore LUDOVICO BILLOT, S.J. S.R.E. Cardinali—Tomus Prior —Editio sexta aucta et emendata—ROMAE, Apud Aedes Universitatis Gregorianae. MCMXXIV.

The extent to which the main thesis of Père de la Taille has been countered by the Cardinal may be gauged from the following:

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Coena igitur et Crux inter se complent. In Coena incoep-tum est sacrificium illud quod in cruce erat consummandum.

Reperitur immolationis realitas in passione mortis. At in symbolica immolatione coenae elucet potissimum oblationis liturgicae proprietas.

Unum numero fuit sacrificium redēptionis in cruce et in coena.

Non computandum unum sacrificium prae‌liminarium in coena; alterum in cruce succi-daneum. Sed in coenaculo in-cruenta oblatio fiebat cruentae immolationis in Calvaria per-petienda.

. . . Unitas illa in oblatione eucharistica et immolatione cru-enta . . . est ex genere signi.

In genere signi non sunt con-siderandae illae duae partes ut mere integrantes (quemadmo-dum sunt corporum partes quan-titativae vel homogeneae)
sed omnino ut "(partes)"

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Non unam tantummodo a Tri-dentino Christi immolationem agnoscit, sed omnino duas, crue-tam unam in cruce, incruentam alteram in sacramento* (p. 603).

Oblationem coenae apud Tri-dentinum

—non solum non haberi ut partem sive essentiale sive in-tegralem sacrificii crucis

—sed haberi e contra ut que ei per omnia opponitur

—opponitur inquam, sicut re praesentativum re praesentato, sicut memoriale objecto in per-petuum memorando, sicut id quod in finem usque repetendum ac continuo frequentandum pre-acipiebatur ei quod semel tan-tum erat peragendum nusquam iterandum (p. 602).

* I.e., two modes of the one immolation.

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constitutivae (quales sunt in corporibus partes essentiae).

Oblatio coenae apud Tridentinum non haberi uti partem essentialem sacrificii crucis (ut sup.).

Quarum una *oblatio* scilicet se habet per modum formae determinantis;

altera autem, scilicet *immissio* per modum materiae (*Mysterium Fidei*, pp. 101, 102).

This condemnation of Père de la Taille's main thesis His Eminence bases on the plain words of the Council of Trent: "Our God and Lord, although He was about to offer Himself once on the altar of the Cross . . . nevertheless . . . at the Last Supper . . . offered His Body and Blood" (Session XXII, ch. i). The Cardinal reasons thus simply: "This way of putting it used by Trent forbids us to look on the *oblation* of the Last Supper as either an essential part or an integral part of the Sacrifice of the Cross. Indeed, it obliges us to look on the one *oblation* as opposed to the other and as condivided with it" (p. 603). It is with a sense of relief that we read these words in a handbook of dogmatic theology published by the Gregorian University, even though we do not identify ourselves with all that this condemnation of Père de la Taille includes.

His Eminence Cardinal Billot also shows the falsehood of another conclusion implicit in the main doctrine of Père de la Taille. This conclusion has been made explicit by the unhesitating logic of Bishop Macdonald in *The Sacrifice of the Mass*. We will set down the opposing doctrines in parallel columns thus:

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The Supper was but a sacrifice begun—not a completed one. In the Mass there is offered a finished sacrifice. So the Supper and the Mass differ

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Unum idemque esse, teste Tridentino, quod in coena Domini peractum est, et quod peragitur in Missa, adeo ut ad coenam novissimam indubie re-

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as that which is only begun differs from that which is completed.

When He said, "This do for a commemoration of Me," He instituted the Commemorative Sacrifice which we call the Mass. He instituted it. *He did not offer it . . . and so the Last Supper was not the first Mass* (p. 125).

Again, His Eminence bases his rejection of the New Theory of the Eucharistic Sacrifice on an appeal to the words of the Council of Trent. To his way of thinking, the advocates of the New Theory have been, unwittingly no doubt, ignorant of the meaning of the Tridentine doctrine. He offers them the plain words of Trent, which we have quoted above. To these words he adds: "Therefore, on the authority of Trent, the sacrifice which until now in obedience to the divine command we offer in Mass, is the selfsame sacrifice which our Lord instituted *and de facto offered at the Supper*.

"Hence it is clear that the offering of the Supper is to be looked upon as the first sacrifice of the Mass, and not at all as a constitutive part of the sacrifice of the Cross" [minime vero ut partem constitutivam sacrificii crucis] (p. 602).

These plain denials of the New Theory of the Eucharistic Sacrifice, coming from the high authority of a member of the Sacred College, are full of reassurance for those who had already challenged the New Theory.

Yet our gratitude for this reassurance is tempered by some further words of His Eminence which, perhaps, we misunderstand. His Eminence writes:

"Aperta igitur consequentia est, non idem esse sacrificium missae et sacrificium crucis, sed aliud et aliud; et non solum numerice aliud, verum etiam specifice. Cum enim sacrificium in offerendo consistat, diversificata ratione offerendi, sacrificium etiam diversificetur necesse est. Proinde si quae

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ferenda sit, non modo, sed et prima ac prototypa sacrificii missae celebratio (p. 601).

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passim auctoritates oppositum dicere videbuntur, in eo sensu erunt intelligendae in quo per sat communem metonymiam sacrificium pro re sacrificata seu victimam oblata usurpari solet. Cujusmodi est procul dubio auctoritas catechismi ad parochos.* *"Unum itaque et idem sacrificium esse fatemur et haberi debet, quod in missa peragitur et quod in cruce oblatum est"* (*Catec. Conc. Trid.*, Pt. II, Cap. 4, Qu. 74).

These words seem an explicit contradiction of the plain doctrine of St. Thomas: "Sacrificium quod quotidie in Ecclesia offertur non est aliud a sacrificio quod ipse Christus obtulit sed ejus commemorationis" (3A, Qu. 22, Art. 3, ad 2).

It is clear that the Sacrifice of the Mass is not substantially but only modally or accidentally different from the Sacrifice of Calvary, just as the King in anger is not substantially but only accidentally or modally different from the King at peace. Unfortunately the English language cannot express the niceties of the truth with the precision of Latin. Thus:

Rex est aliud a suo equo.

Rex est alius a suo filio.

Ira est aliud a pace.

Nevertheless:

Rex iratus non est *aliud* a rege pacifico.

Rex iratus non est *alius* a rege pacifico.

But:

Rex iratus est *aliter* a rege pacifico.

V. McNABB, O.P.

III

Père de la Taille has had several times already the unwelcome task of defending himself against mistaken criticism of his book *Mysterium Fidei*. The most recent to join the ranks of his adversaries is Abbot Ford, and, unfor-

* *Catechism of the Council of Trent.*

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tunately, even his courteous criticism is, I fear, based on certain misapprehensions and likely to leave an inadequate impression of the strength of Père de la Taille's position. From Abbot Ford's article a reader might naturally think that Père de la Taille had startled the theological world with a brand new theory, very strange in itself and contrasting forcibly with a well-established traditional view, and, moreover, inconsistent with the teaching of St. Thomas and even of Trent.

Now if this impression were fair and founded, there would be nothing more to be said; but I think Père de la Taille must feel rather aggrieved when, after having devoted several hundred pages to proving that his view is the pre-Reformation and therefore the traditional one, that it is confirmed by St. Thomas and consistent with Trent, a friendly critic takes him to task and says that Père de la Taille "must not quarrel with us if we say his theory can hardly be the recognized teaching of the Church," when in one paragraph St. Thomas is changed from a friend into a foe, as (shall we say?) a Jesuit critic might annihilate a Dominican book on Grace with the short comment: "You know, St. Thomas is against you." Such criticism would surely upset the mildest of authors! And what are we to say when Trent is brought up in this fashion: "The theory seems hardly in accord with the Council of Trent," when a little later on the words of the Council are quoted and commented on as decisive, as if the doctrine of Trent had not been most carefully examined in *Mysterium Fidei* and subsequent pamphlets, and in the second edition of the work a further footnote added to make doubly sure that the Fathers of the Council should sleep in peace?

It does really seem time to clear up issues, if only for the sake of the ordinary intelligent reader, and I propose, therefore, to try and make three points.

I. The theory is not heterodox, nor in any way in conflict with the Council of Trent. All must agree that there is no explicit formal condemnation of the view of Père de la Taille. The question, therefore, becomes: "Is the language used by the Council hostile rather than favour-

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able?" Now this question can receive a definite answer. The language is neither intentionally hostile nor favourable. Pallavicini's *Historia Concilii Tridentini* and the published *Acta* prove that the Fathers were not at one in their views, some holding Père de la Taille's, some an opposing view, and in the end they decided to leave the problem of the relation of the Supper to Calvary open. We know, therefore, that some of the Tridentine Fathers who drew up the doctrinal statement held Père de la Taille's view, and we know also that in the actual statement partizanship was avoided.

One expression, however, has been quoted as hostile—namely, that Christ "was about to offer Himself once on the altar of the Cross. . . ." The argument from these words is that therefore the oblation took place on the Cross and not at the Last Supper. But the objection is based on a misunderstanding. According to Père de la Taille, the Supper and Cross are one Sacrifice; and the oblation, therefore, took place, or, rather, persevered, from the Supper to the Cross. Strictly, therefore, Christ the Priest and Victim offered Himself on the altar of the Cross because He offered Himself at the Last Supper.* In conclusion, then, Trent has nothing decisive to say about rival theories of the Mass.

II. The theory of Père de la Taille is neither new nor strange. Abbot Ford says that the views bound up with it "sound strange to Catholic ears," that on the confession of its author it has "no authority amongst the theologians of modern times." That the theory is new in this sense, that it has not been the current teaching, is undeniable; but it does not follow that it is therefore unacceptable as untraditional. One would gather from the argument that there existed a sweet unanimity among theologians on the subject of the Sacrifice of the Mass; that Bellarmine, Billuart, Suarez, and Vasquez, and others were all tradi-

* This answer depends on the reader's understanding the numerical identity of the Sacrifice of the Supper and the Cross, and the peculiar character of that Sacrifice, that Christ was both High Priest and Victim. Quite probably the word "offer" is used by the Tridentine Fathers, not technically but as equivalent to "sacrifice." Then, of course, not even an apparent objection could be raised.

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tional despite their differences. The truth is that there are few more vexed questions than the nature of the Sacrifice of the Mass—few in which greater difference of opinion has been shown, particularly, be it noted, since the Reformation. Père de la Taille offers peace by going back to the pre-Reformation period and presenting a view which he claims to be traditional, and for this he is accused of novelty and breaking with tradition! One would think that the only correct criticism would be either to show a flaw in the reasoning or else disprove the evidence piled up from the first fifteen centuries in the pages of *Mysterium Fidei*.

Moreover, the strangeness of certain expressions noted by Abbot Ford arises rather from a misapprehension of the theory than from the theory itself. It is important to point out this misapprehension—the same as the one already alluded to. Abbot Ford shows himself guilty of this when he says that, according to this theory, "Christ did not offer up Himself but only His coming Passion." The fundamental mistake, common, I think, to all the critics, comes from their unconsciously still looking upon the Sacrifice of the Supper and that of Calvary as separate. In their own minds, owing to their own views, the Supper is a Sacrifice in itself and the Passion is another Sacrifice (though they have to subordinate one to the other or relate them somehow). When, then, Père de la Taille speaks of the oblation at the Supper and the Immolation on the Cross, they proceed to argue on their preconceptions that the Supper, therefore, is not a sacrifice at all, because there is no immolation; and, similarly, the Passion is not a sacrifice either, because there is no oblation. What they, one and all, fail to see is that they have separated what Père de la Taille has joined together, and that all the expressions he uses of "parts," "constituents," "form and matter," are but modes of describing a unity which has its two main features separated by time, but not separated in Christ, Who, being both the High Priest and the Victim, can formally show Himself Priest at one moment and Victim at another without destroying the unity of His one sacri-

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ficial Act. Until this numerical identity between the Sacrifice of the Supper and that of the Cross is realized, criticism is beside the mark.

Suppose for a moment our Lord had offered Himself formally by some action or word when about to be laid on the Cross, then there would clearly be only one sacrifice, despite a short interval of time between the oblation and, let us say, the actual crucifixion. Suppose, again, in the Garden, at the approach of Judas, our Lord had formally made oblation of Himself—again, despite the longer interval, the Sacrifice would be one act. Suppose, then, what really happened, that on the evening He was betrayed He offered Himself to be slain (where there is no distinction between Himself and the Passion of Himself), and chose that moment for the formal oblation because He wished to perpetuate the Redemptive Sacrifice and therefore institute a rite which would be a memorial of that one Sacrifice, would that oblation mean another sacrifice distinct from that of Calvary? As the rite instituted was to be the representation of the one Sacrifice, of course it would contain a symbolical immolation—symbolical, that is, of Calvary; but the main object of that rite being to represent Calvary, it is absurd to find in its institution a complete Sacrifice separate from the one of Calvary. Rather let us say the oblation of the Last Supper is the oblation of the Passion—that is, the Supper and Calvary are one, while the peculiar character of the oblation is due to the intention of perpetuating that one Sacrifice, and the interval of time from the evening to the hour of crucifixion and death does not interfere with that numerical identity. I hope, therefore, it will be now clear how false is the critic's assumption that the Supper and Calvary can be taken apart—an assumption due to their own fixed idea that they are separate.

III. And now, finally, the New Theory compares favourably with its rivals. Abbot Ford did not state his own theory, but rather left it to his readers to suppose that there was some reverend and unexceptionable view which the New Theory was trying to oust. Unfortunately, this is not so: there is a welter of opinions but no fixed view.

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Certainly the majority of theologians since the Reformation agree on one point: that the Last Supper was a complete, if relative, Sacrifice, and consequently that the Mass, too, is a complete, if relative, sacrifice, containing the three constituents of a propitiatory sacrifice—namely, oblation, immolation, and a rite. But here the agreement ends, for they differ profoundly on the question when and how Christ is immolated in the Mass. One finds it in the Communion, when our Lord is consumed; another in the unnatural and humiliating condition of our Lord under the species; another in the symbolical separation of the Precious Body and Blood; while still another suggests that the separate consecration would involve the death of our Lord were that possible, and that such hypothetical destruction is sufficient. But one and all fight against an insuperable difficulty: they have to find, by force of their view, a real immolation; and this is impossible as well as undesirable, for Christ suffers no more. A symbolical destruction is not enough, and thank God! our Lord neither suffers by being consumed nor undergoes humiliation by being under the species.

Let us then contrast these rival theories with that of Père de la Taille. They separate the Last Supper and Calvary and say little of the Resurrection. And since the Mass is the rite of the Last Supper, it, too, is separate from Calvary and requires a real immolation, which cannot be found. On the other hand, Père de la Taille requires no new immolation: that of the Cross is sufficient, and for the very reason that he does not separate the Supper and Calvary. The whole of the Passion from the oblation at the Last Supper to the Death on the Cross is one moral action and Act—the Act of our Redemption by the High Priest and Victim. There are not two Sacrifices, but one; and as in every propitiatory sacrifice there is an oblation and a victim, the offering of the Cross is the oblation of the Supper, and the Victim of the Supper is the Victim dedicated to death and slain on the Cross. Our Lord did not slay Himself when He represented symbolically the slaying at the Supper, but He became a Victim given over to death at

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the hands of the Jews. When, therefore, the Church in the rite instituted at the Last Supper celebrates the Mass, the Victim is again the Victim of Calvary, and the rite symbolizes a slaying and shows forth the real and otherwise hidden Victim. Christ our Lord, the Victim, let me repeat, of Calvary, is present, so that not only is the Crucifixion the one and only immolation in the Redemptive Sacrifice, but it is the one and only real immolation which is required to make the Mass a sacrifice.

It is surprising, then, that critics find fault with Père de la Taille for "evacuating the Cross," when it is he who relies on Calvary alone for a real Victim, whereas they have to search for and invent new acts of immolation distinct from that of the Deicide Jews. The answer of the New Theory is so simple and satisfying that one would fancy that it would please all could it be proved; and the main obvious difficulty would be, how can Christ continue as a Victim, since He was slain once and is now risen and glorious? Here comes a second fertile principle in the New Theory. In the Resurrection we see the acceptance and ratification by the Father of the Sacrifice of Christ, and the special honour which is given to Christ is that His Passion should be no far-off memory but a permanent status, that His Sacrifice should be His everlasting glory, with the marks of it for ever shining in His risen Body, that He should receive a new title and perfection, that of the Glorious Victim. He is now, what St. John saw, a Lamb slain but living, the Victim exalted and given a new name and set at the right hand of the Father, a figure of perpetual intercession. Consequently, when the priest utters the words of consecration, Christ our Lord is present, and He is present in His status of Glorious Victim, and no new act of real immolation is required. The Last Supper, Calvary, the Resurrection, and the Mass are thus seen marvellously interwoven in the one divine economy. Were it not beyond the scope of this paper, it would be a delight to show the splendour this theory sheds on the doctrine of grace, our incorporation into Christ by participation at the sacrificial banquet of the Glorious Victim, the

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new vivifying principle of mankind, and on the Mystical Body, which, risen with Christ and united to Him in membership, can offer by virtue of the Head a Victim identical with that offered up by the Head at the Last Supper. Surely, for beauty and simplicity of design, for penetration into the mind of Christ, our Redeemer, and for harmony with the other dogmas of Revelation, there is no comparison between the theory of Père de la Taille and those its critics hold.

M. C. D'ARCY, S.J.

THOSE IRISH PAGANS!

THOSE Irish pagans have not a great writer amongst them, but their bitterest enemy will not deny them genius, if it is only the genius for self-advertisement. Look at the five of them, held in the triumphant fingers of twentieth-century commercialism as she sits at Destiny's card-table: A. E., Lord Dunsany, Lennox Robinson, James Stephens, and Yeats—a royal flush! Originality is one element in genius. No two of them, therefore, to take a metaphor from the "road," boast the same line of goods, alike solely in the savage ferocity of their determination to stand up for each other: I praise you; you praise me. The comic spectacle of them handing themselves and their parasites literary laurels went some way to compensate Dubliners for the intolerable boredom of the Tailteann games. In this performance, however, Lord Dunsany, so far as we know, took no part; and, indeed, if there is a sportsman in the crowd it is he.

Do not for a moment think that their commercial genius is not equalled by their literary.

Some of the simpler earlier lyrics will never die—we mean the simpler earlier poems of the whole movement that goes commonly by the name of the Celtic Renaissance, things like Dora Sigerson's ballad of little Benjie and Yeats's *Father Gilligan* that are as tender and natural as a song in Shakespeare. Without the Shakespearean richness, you must admit, how hopefully soever you seek for it. You sense an inexhaustible vitality in the quietest passages of the Englishman, whereas the work of the Abbey crowd (the Abbey Theatre is the hub of this *Litteraturgesellschaft*) is thin and watery and whining. The mists that do be on the bog are condensed upon their eyelashes. Like Goldsmith's prologue,

"Tis not alone their inky cloak, good masters;
They've that within that can't be cured by plasters.

The Liffey School of English Literature was born with chronic anæmia. A certain *morbidezza* pleases you when

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you come across it at rare intervals, but when, like a consumptive jack-in-the-box, it pops its head out of every line of every book of every Jeremias in the whole coterie—well, a man can't live on spiritual lymph? Think of the reserves of steady, imperturbable strength in all the great English poets: Chaucer, Milton, Wordsworth, Browning! To compare Yeats with any of them is to compare *eau sucrée* with a good port. Synge with his *Playboy* raised the hope that something virile would come from him—he was the best man in the clique, too—but he died in 1909, two years after the *Playboy* appeared, one more “curiosity of literature.” When you met Synge you were startled by the arresting quality of his eyes. Here, you said, is a personality anyway. But, as it turned out, “Might Have Been” is the epitaph they should have carved upon his tomb.

Blame Ireland for it. Give the international Cinderella another pinch as she sits in her corner. You have every right to. Not because Yeats does. (*He does.*) But because Cinderella doesn't read, which is another story, and a reason why you don't like to go all out after these portentous poseurs of the Pale. Mr. George Moore accordingly fled from her as he would from a leper. He has given his excuse. “An Irishman,” he says, “must fly from Ireland if he would be himself”—so he, too, looks on the faithful five as poseurs!—“Englishmen, Scotchmen, Jews, do well in Ireland, Irishmen never. Even the patriot has to leave Ireland to get a hearing.” Yeats's pinch is more vindictive. Hark to this from *The People*:

“What have I earned for all that work?” I said,
“For all that I have done at my own charge?”
The daily spite of this unmannerly town,
Where who has served the most is most defamed,
The reputation of his lifetime lost
Between the night and morning.

Poor Cinderella that has no pity for these uncles of hers martyring themselves for her! Let there be no doubt of it. That is how Yeats looks upon himself: “If you take from Art its martyrdom, you will take from it its

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glory," is what he says in *Ireland and the Arts*, paraphrasing Mr. George Moore, and then proceeds to place upon his head—his own head—the crown of the martyr's glory. Now I am not going to labour the point that Yeats has done himself well by his martyrization. He got a pension from the British Government for it; he got sponsorship and good sales for it from reputable British publishers; he got the Nobel prize (and Thomas Hardy did not!) for it; the theatre he is director of got a grant from the Free State Government for it, whereupon Dr. Yeats with the *flair* of the publicity expert dined its Finance Minister on the very stage of the Abbey itself. No, it would certainly be indecent and ungenerous to labour that. But what strikes one in reading the works of this queer quartet—for again Lord Dunsany is an exception—is the undercurrent of snarling rancour, a kind of snobbish condescension muffled up in spleen, they seem unable to stifle whenever they write about the Irish people. It muddies the stately essays of Yeats—essays that flow sedately on like the unhurried waters of some noble river. It jangles its discord in those comedies of Lennox Robinson which, were it not for this harsh dissonance, might have sent his name down to remotest posterity alongside the names of Goldsmith and Richard Brinsley. It kills what might have been deathless in the irony of James Stephens. Of A. E., who might have been a statesman and a leader of the people, it has made a preacher.

I find no fault with men who use Ireland, even the sufferings of Ireland, as "copy." Where else but in the life around you can you get the data of your art? But Yeats and his three musketeers look on it as "copy" and no more. It is fair game—a quarry, booty. Their attitude is that of an English foreign correspondent in the Far East fretting his heart away for the flashing pavement of Piccadilly. Daniel Corkery used Ireland for copy. But oh, the warmth of his love for her! See how it pulses and throbs through his *Hounds of Banba* and *Threshold of Quiet*, and then contrast it with the cool and almost malevolent professionalism of this stanza from a much and

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most foolishly lauded poem of Yeats's, with its bit of trade lingo, "romantic," slipping out in the second last verse:

Yet they were of a different kind,
The names that stilled our childish play;
They have gone about the world like wind,
But little time they had to pray
For whom the hangman's rope was spun.
And what, God save us, could they save :
Romantic Ireland's dead and gone,
It's with O'Leary in the grave.

A friend of ours went last year to hear a lecture given by the senator, whom he had never listened to before. "Well," I asked, "what do you think of him?" "Pedar," he answered, "he's one of these triflers who can write a poem on the passion and sorrow of the Connaught seaboard with his toes toasting on the fender and a glass of sherry at his elbow." Of course, our friend was from the West that has been so profitable to Dr. Yeats, and that may have made him bitter. But a man for ever up against the salt realities of life there cannot be expected to have patience with the self-constituted art-priest of a nation who, with that nation a-simmer all around him, walks on, unconscious of it, wrapped up in the fog of his own megalomania.

The Comic dramatists of the Abbey are streaked in the same way. It spoils, like too much Angostura in a Schiedam, what might have been the masterpiece of Lennox Robinson. This becomes very clear when you compare his comedies with the far finer work of E. C. Somerville and Martin Ross (alas! that the crystal genius must bubble no more from the twofold fount!). These two writers are blankly and patently hostile to us ragged Gaels, and yet, in spite of themselves, you feel a love and an understanding sympathy for us tucked away in a cosy corner of their hearts and mysteriously mellowing their penetrating irony. Reverse this, and you have Lennox Robinson: on the surface Irish and proud of it; underneath, a bilious impatience (as if we were foreigners of an inferior breed), now boiling to the top with the full Yeatsian rancour, at other

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times droning away in an exasperating undertone with the nagging and niggling acidity of an old maid. Every Irish character in his *Harvest*, with the exception of the fatuous imbecile of a schoolmaster, Lordan, is dirty, dishonourable, or dishonest. There is one English character in it, Mildred, and she shines out from the moral darkness round her like a good deed in a naughty world, lonely as Portia's candle. Even so with *The Whiteheaded Boy*, the inimitable comedy I had in mind when I said that Lennox Robinson just misses the big-hearted humanity that has conferred immortality on the *School for Scandal* and *She Stoops to Conquer*. It is the story of a big family of grown-up brothers and sisters who, led by their widowed mother, sacrifice everything, even their chance of marriage, in order to send the youngest, the whiteheaded boy, up to Trinity to make a doctor of him. He gambles their money in Dublin, and monotonously fails in his exams, accompanies home his last notification of failure, whereupon all but the mother turn upon him and order him off to Canada. He gives up the girl he is going to marry. The family is threatened with a breach of promise action. He marries the girl and takes a job as a navvy, or something like it, in the town. To save the good name of the family they all pile on top of him the bribes which they had been offering to stave off the breach action, and give him the job they had just been arranging for his elder brother Peter. It is the very stuff of comedy. It could have got its swift, delicious touches only from the pen of an Irishman. There is not a forced syllable in it. It ripples gaily along like the prattle of a bright child. Moreover, the action arises inexorably out of the psychology of the *dramatis personae*. It is the perfection of dramatic economy. It simply charms an audience, particularly a London one. Read it. First of all, you will be dazzled with a most delightful innovation Lennox Robinson has made in the matter of stage-directions. It takes the form of a perfectly irresistible chorus. It is addressed to you, confidentially, as by a friend looking on at your elbow, in the most vivacious idiom of Anglo-Irish vernacular. I haven't the book by

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me, but, to inform you that Kate goes for a toasting-fork, he will say : "Will you look at Kate rushing off for the fork : didn't I tell you they left everything to her?" Like Bernard Shaw's, these stage-directions transform the back of the pit into the fourth wall of the stage. I say, first of all you will be dazzled. Then you will take thought. (Remember that these Irish pagans insist that their plays are written just as much to be read as to be seen : they are literature.) You will realize with a jolt that a typical little Cork community has been pictured as a collection of the most squalid and sordid snobs, for whom the Ten Commandments are a pleasant mask of hypocrisy so long as they fit the facial contours of their self-interest, while the bounder of a hero has the squalor of his snobbery fine-combed out of him by the subtler snobbery of Trinity College. Not once is there the faintest breath of sympathy or love to keep the thing safe from the putrefaction of time. Now, a body loves Tony Lumpkin. And as for Yeats's self-complacent talk about Aristophanes! Pshaw! Aristophanes had a contemporary Euripides. Where is the Euripides in this Liffey school?

It is to plays like Lennox Robinson's *Harvest* and *The Cross Roads* that A. E. refers when he says that "we have developed a new and clever school of Irish dramatists who say they are holding the mirror up to Irish peasant nature, but they reflect nothing but decadence. They delight in the broken light of insanity, the ruffian who beats his wife, the weakling who is unfortunate in love, and who goes and drinks himself to death." Herein, he forgets to mention, they are true to hereditary type.

The Abbey is a *volkstheater*, Yeats's kings and queens even being but the fairies of peasant superstition, blown out; for indeed they bear the same relation to real kings and queens as La Fontaine's inflated frog bears to an ox. Only three Dublin dramatists, Oliver Gogarty, Edward Martyn, and Sean O'Casey, deal with urban life, and they are unequivocally derivative—the first from Brieux, the second from Ibsen, and the third from Eugene O'Neill—and hopelessly second-rate at that. But the Abbey is a

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very definitely specialized form of playhouse. To pass its reading committee your play must busy itself solely with the uglier features of peasant life. Thus its repertory differs radically from the English folkplays that are rich with love, and from the mass plays encouraged by the Soviets in Russia that are rich with hope. Synge and Yeats have provided models and stereos. The later dramatists do but sprinkle the coloured pounce through the pattern on the stencils they have left. As might have been expected, there has descended upon the whole Dublin school a dull, deadly sameness as provokingly obliterative of individualities as a London fog, presuming, that is, that there are individualities to obliterate, which is a problem to be solved. It provoked Mr. Yeats, the author of it all—irrationally enough, since he cannot have it both ways—to voice his displeasure at it in an epigram with the Words-worthian title, *To a Poet, who would have me praise certain bad poets, imitators of his and mine*:

You say, as I have often given tongue
In praise of what another's said or sung,
'Twere politic to do the like by these;
But was there ever dog that praised his fleas?

Good epigram, but bad logic! for, to pursue the unsavoury metaphor, did he not breed them himself?

At first glance it seems not so.

Lord Dunsany, they iterate and reiterate, is the only worthy spiritual child of Yeats (you may give any father you like to Lord Dunsany, for, it seems to me, he doesn't care what you do impose upon him in the way of literary parenthood; and it is nice to have a title on the roll of your disciples). Dunsany, it is their contention, resembles Yeats, first, in the poetry and simplicity of his style; secondly, in his disregard of what is dramatically effective; and thirdly, in his fondness for gods and kings as *dramatis personae* moving in an atmosphere of unreality. These preposterous propositions show what a thing of sound and fury signifying nothing is modern Irish criticism. Both are poets, no doubt, but so is A. E. Housman. Dunsany's

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style is born of the music of the Authorised Version, Yeats's of Kiltartanese : it is the difference between rhubarb and the grape. As for dramatic instinct, why, I do not know a modern play that has so dramatically effective a situation as *The Gods of the Mountain* or *The Queen's Enemies*. In this last the fragile, beautiful, defenceless queen induces the powerful neighbouring kings, her enemies, to dine with her in a room below the level of the Nile. She locks them all in together, and then floods the room. The curtain falls, and she on the steps outside daintily, unsentimentally, cynically, lifting her dress so that the water creeping up may not wet it. Lastly, Dunsany's kings are real kings, and his gods have the intelligible force of natural powers like Eros, Demeter or Bacchus, and they do not move in an atmosphere of unreality, but in an atmosphere of doom, precisely as did Orestes behind the eccyclema of the theatre in Athens. This all-pervading sense of an impending doom is most skilfully brought out in his gruesome *Night at an Inn*, in which three sailors and a broken-down "gentleman" meet their doom in a lonely English inn at the hands of a god from the forehead of whose statue in India they have stolen a great ruby. This Doom or Fate or Destiny or Heredity or Erinnyses, call it how you will, is a legitimate dramatic device handled with consummate genius equally by the creator of Macbeth and the creator of Œdipus; indeed, to find a precedent for the terror of piled-up irony and suspense in this little one-acter you have got to go back to Sophocles himself. Not that Dunsany is a Sophocles. But he has caught the knack of the Sophoclean eironeia anyway. Now the mists in Yeats's plays are just mist and nothing more; when they roll away you find yourself looking at a screen painted a dead white and nothing in front of it. The papaverous names of Lord Dunsany's theogony have been sluiced with gush; but think of the majestic, organlike peal of Milton's enumeration of real names, and then scan the Dublin man's list: Sish, the Destroyer of Hours; Slid, the Sea; Yoharneth-Lahai, the God of Dreams; Hish, the God of Silence; and Triboogie,

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the Spirit of the Dusk: it is what squealing is to singing.

No, the real children of the artist Yeats are those young men who busy themselves so energetically with the village middens; young Corkmen, "all ears and eyes," he mournfully calls them—and I sympathize with him—in his complaint to Lady Gregory. Yeats is fond of a beautiful and illuminating metaphor (his metaphors are always daring and poetic and helpful) when he compares himself with them. He compares them, the objective writers, to the shadowed part of the moon; himself, the subjective writer, to the bright portion. But does he not see that these two are but different aspects of the same thing? And if the Lennox Robinsons besmear themselves, as in that Madonna story in *To-Morrow*, whose blasphemy turns your blood into ice, with the exteriorities of rustic foulness, did he not show the way by raking among the spiritual rottenness behind it? About the most beautiful of his characters there is something indescribably grotesque and perverted, like a Beardsley nightmare fading from old age. To get through the qualifying examination for heroineship, his Countess Cathleen must sell her soul to the devil. Besides, it is childish to complain about these pushful young Corkmen with the sharp eyes and ears. The Yeateses among fishmongers and chemists and steel manufacturers have to put up with their own Lennox Robinsons in silence; why should special consideration be given to a man because he makes his living by ink rather than by hake and cod or steel joists?

When Yeats pictured the Mother of Sorrows kissing a soul that had just sold itself to Satan, he planted in the mind of Lennox Robinson a seed of diabolic inspiration which, blossoming later, dark *fleur du mal*, in the pages of *To-Morrow*, held up to our gaze the Blessed Virgin as he did.

You think it is done *pour épater les bourgeois?* A last resource to draw attention to their gifts?

The gifts are there all right. Each of the five is a born artist and has mastered the technique of his craft. (What

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they all lack is the fundamental element of greatness in every mode of self-expression: you may call it passion, strength, virility, vitality, force; de Quincey calls it power, but it means a soul that is purified, tempered like steel, resistless as fire.) Each of the five has individuality, originality, personality of style. When Yeats, who deliberately trained himself, he tells us, to make his style his very self, drops that slovenly Kiltartanese idealized that he allows himself to drop into in some of his plays, and speaks plainly out, he writes with a purity, a limpidity, a melodiousness that perhaps no other writer of English at the present approaches. I could not quote from his essays—he is the nonpareil of modern essayists; he has the serenity, the homeliness, the fearless intimacy, of a prince—I could not quote from his essays without casting a slur on what I did not quote: they form what miners call a “pocket”—seamless gold. Instead, to show how obedient is James Stephen's medium to him, to show what quiet beauty he can achieve when the imps of perversity are not astride his pen, here is his description of a dawn from the *Crock of Gold*:

The daylight, however, was near the full, one slender veil only remaining of the shadows, and a calm unmoving quietude brooded over the grey sky to the whispering earth. The birds had begun to bestir themselves, but not to sing. Now and again a solitary wing feathered the chill air, but for the most part the birds huddled closely in the swinging nests, or under the bracken, or in the tufty grass. Here a faint twitter was heard and ceased. A little farther a drowsy voice called “cheep-cheep” and turned again to the warmth of its wing. The very grasshoppers were silent. The creatures who range in the night-time had returned to their cells, and were setting their households in order, and those who belonged to the day hugged their comfort for one minute longer. Then the first level beam stepped like a mild angel to the mountain-top.

Did you ever look upon a water-colour more delicate, purer, more sincere? Does it not breathe upon you the peace and fragrant freshness of the dewy morning?

To find A. E.'s style in a characteristic movement, go to that passage in *The National Being* in which he accuses

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Anglo-Irish literature of that lack of greatness I have just been speaking of. It is a curious style, suggestive of an austerer Burke, though prone to the grandiose—profound, complex, lucid. That through it he can, in the treatment of abstract questions, hold fast your attention, is due to the clearness and breadth of his mind, the accuracy of his ear for prose rhythms, and the fixed devotion to an ideal which, unfortunately, tends to give his style the metallic accent of the street preacher. Artistically, there is something of the prig about him; socially, of course, he is the verry parfit gentil knight Mr. George Moore has so charmingly portrayed for us in *Ave!*

They have more than the gift of style. Their preoccupation with their art, sometimes so pathetically intense you cannot forbear smiling, again and again has shaken up their satellites like a bag of old bones and quickened the re-orientation of Anglo-Irish literature, so that now more or less it looks towards the same Mecca as the rest of Europe's. And this in spite of the absurdest inconsistencies. Criticizing the too intellectual quality of Ibsen's plays, Yeats rightly observes that "Shakespeare and Sophocles can so quicken, as it were, the circles of the clock, so heighten the expression of life, that many years can unfold themselves in a few minutes; and it is always Shakespeare or Sophocles, and not Ibsen, that makes us say, 'How true; how often I have felt as that man feels!'" Well, in spite of their inconsistencies, Yeats and his circle have quickened the circles of the clock of Anglo-Irish art. And what inconsistencies! Take one, their theory of poetry. They won't allow that A. E. Housman is a poet. One of them, paraphrasing what Yeats wrote about Browning, said to me: "What! Housman a poet! My dear fellow, Housman's a metrical prosateur." One feels weary. You and I and every sound man love Housman because he gives us tough truth like an old bone to gnaw at. We love him for his Horatian *curiosa felicitas* and the miraculous economy of material with which he produces his effect. They won't have it. One half of them defines poetry as symbolism plus music; the other half,

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music plus symbolism. One of them read a line of A. E.'s for me and made it melodious indeed. "There!" he said, "there is only one line equal to it in English literature!" Then Yeats comes along and writes: "There is no poem so great that a fine speaker cannot make it greater or that a bad ear cannot make it nothing." So that "music" is a purely relative term. If you protest, their argument will be: "I pity you, if you can't see it." To this, I think, the only sane rejoinder is something of the nature of Mr. Wyndham Lewis's parody of Yeats's *Plays for Dancers* in the *Daily Mail*.

Yes, the gifts are there all right, as I have said; but it is not to draw attention to them, *à force d'épater les bourgeois*, that they flaunt their blasphemous paganism, for they have erected that paganism into a formal, deliberate, explicitly worded system of philosophy. If you get at the root of their rancorous enmity to the Irish people, the offensiveness of their paganism becomes easily explicable.

An architect might be successful enough in his own line, and show a rare knowledge of Gothic, but it would be a superficial knowledge, if he were an atheist, for none can have real knowledge of the Gothic grandeur without acknowledging the true religion and the true God. Substitute the word *Irish* for the word *Gothic*, and you will have a singularly accurate description of Yeats and his school.

Yeats and his school are foreigners here. They come from No Man's Land. To a consular query, "Nationality, please?" they could honestly give no answer but that which Ulysses gave to Polyphemus. They are worse than foreigners. They simply have no point of contact at all with Ireland save at its very basest. To them a sod taken from the soil of Ireland is a collection of economically valuable chemicals and minerals attached to a collection of artistically valuable *graminaceae*, whereas it is nothing of the sort, so far as it is a constituent of our holy motherland, but rather assumes its quintessential quality by virtue of the fact that long ago it was transmuted into something

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sacred by the blood of martyrs who suffered death at the hands of these Anglo-Irishmen of the Pale, who were three-bottle men with Flood and Grattan, and whom Senator Yeats is so fond of eulogizing. A Catholic German, a Catholic Italian, a Catholic Spaniard is far more closely kin to the Sligo peasant than is the Sligo Dr. Yeats. Literally and exactly Yeats and his school look upon Ireland as Thomas Hardy looks upon Wessex (only, of course, as artists they are children compared to the great Englishman). Their idiom and their outlook and their local colour and their ideas are far less remote from the idiom and outlook of the average English big city than are the idiom and outlook of the *Trumpet-Major* or *Tess of the d'Urbervilles*. They are groping among us like blind men. A Catholic Austrian writer like Peter Rosegger, who didn't know our language, could therefore see the profound significance of a thousand and one things here which are as if they were not to these artistic archons of the Abbey Theatre. We are an enigma to them. It is vexation at their powerlessness to find a key to the puzzle that vents itself in the blasphemous irritability of their work. You fancy them at the outset of their career saying to themselves: "Ireland is an inexhaustible source of copy; it has never been explored artistically: let us explore it." Off they go, and lo! having come to the end of their search they find nothing. As Bill says in Dunsany's *Glittering Gate*: "Stars! Blooming great stars! There ain't no heaven, Jim!"

Now you see why the positive credo of their paganism is interwoven with spleenetic sneers at Catholics and their beliefs.

The pure in heart, says James Stephens in the finest of his *fantaisiestücke*, fly from the spectre theology. Intellect has to be rescued from the "sly priests." A. E., praising the gospel of Laotse, tells us that the religion of us Catholics draws us away from hearth and home and love. At one time Yeats describes the pulpit as the "voice of the mob," at another as "the enemy of life." Mary and the angels are symbols like the symbols in *Axél*. In the march

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of the ages Moses finds himself keeping step with the Arthurian Merlin. Senator Yeats assures us solemnly that he believes in magic, in fairies, in the collar-bone of a hare :

I would find by the edge of that water
The collar-bone of a hare
Worn thin by the lapping of water,
And pierce it through with a gimlet and stare
At the old bitter world where they marry in churches,
And laugh over the untroubled water
At all who marry in churches,
Through the white thin bone of a hare.

Let Yeats believe in his fairies, A. E. in his Buddha with the Irish trade-mark, and James Stephens in his *Ueber-seele*. It is their affair, not ours. We have theological tenets of our own. But when they insist on informing us about their creed, and, not content with inflicting this information upon us, then proceed to tag on to it an endless hymn of hate against our own, they must not take it amiss that we who do still "marry in churches" should express by something more than an amused unconcern our abhorrence of a paganism which, after all, is but the old nasal Cromwellian puritanism gone licentious.

Autolycus is a merry clown enough until you find that it is your own linen he is messing about with among the hedges.

PETER McBRIEN.

UNION AND DISUNION

A MID signs of a rapidly changing world, the decree of 1870 which sealed the Petrine doctrine had been made. An English poet wrote nobly, if too fiercely, at the time:

That last,
Blown from our Sion of the Seven Hills,
Was no uncertain blast!
Listen! the warning all the champaign fills,
And minatory murmurs, answering, man
Perplexing, many a drowsy citadel,
Beneath whose ill-watched walls the Powers of Hell
With arméd jar,
And angry threat, surcease
Their long-kept compact of contemptuous peace!*

The Petrine doctrine finally defined at the Vatican Council must be accepted, or denied, or ignored. All those who join the Catholic Church in communion with the See of Rome must now, as a term of admission, specifically accept this doctrine. Here, thank Heaven, is a clear frontier-line, which cannot be explained or watered away by any subtle phrasing. In religion, as in international affairs, it is important in the interests of peace to have decided frontiers. Bitterness and fighting arise not out of straight opposition but out of confusion and vagueness. Some people still speak idly as though the question of the supremacy of the See of Rome were merely a question of expediency or convenience. Not so: it is a dividing and fundamental doctrine, which each man must accept or reject, or ignore as it stands.

Those outside are often exhorted to wait until Rome shall have confessed to fallibility and to error, shall have modified her doctrine, and craved pardon for her offences. Then, they are told, there may be a general conference of all Christians, or, as some say, of all episcopally-ruled

* Coventry Patmore, "The Standards." *Illuminans tu mirabiliter—a montibus aeternis; turbati sunt omnes insipientes corde. Dormierunt somnum suum.*

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Christians, possibly with the Pope in the chair, and the divided Church can by agreement, and give and take, be reunited. Compromises are the hope of feeble souls. Individuals are gravely told that they should not follow the leading of their own hearts, but should abide in patience till that great day of pacification and reunion. It is a will-dissolving dream. Those who, while drawn to do so, wait to enlist under the standard of the Catholic Church until the decree of the Vatican Council shall have been reversed or withdrawn, resemble the rustic of Horace who waited to cross the river till all the water should have flowed by:

*at ille
labitur, et labetur in omne volubilis aevum*

This river from the eternal snows is no mere winter torrent that dries up in summer.

“Vaticanism,” “ultramontanism,” and words like this are obstacles to reunion raised up by wills averse to submission. Patriotism, here wrongly applied, though good in its true sense, is the real obstacle. Kenelm Digby says:

Men take leave of error with too much ceremony; they speak too much about their nation, about the world, seeming to forget that each of us here, let the nation and the world believe or not believe, “has a life of his own to lead, one life; a little gleam of time between two eternities; no second chance to us for evermore.” You should, therefore, look to yourselves, and having once caught sight of truth, hoist all your sails to follow her, heedless of the nations or of the world’s remonstrance. If you must wait for all to follow, I fear, as Dante says, “Your choice may haply meet too long delay.”*

*Eia age, rumpe moras; qua te spectabimus usque?
Dum, quid sis, dubitas, jam potes esse nihil. †*

Can a decree *de fide* of a General Council of the Catholic Church such as those of Trent or the Vatican be reversed or suspended for reasons of policy and ex-

* *Mores Catholici*, vol. xi, p. 487. Kenelm Digby's quotation is from Carlyle.

† Martial.

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pedency, to smooth away difficulties and to reconcile antagonists? This question was finely discussed with much courtesy in the last decade of the seventeenth century between two great men—Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux, and Leibnitz, the German philosopher, and man of science, and man of the world. Leibnitz, though a nominal Lutheran, admired the Catholic Church. In one of his letters (*Ep. viii, tom. i*) he wrote: "As God is a God of order, it is of consequence that to the body of the Catholic and Apostolic Church there should be one supreme spiritual magistrate, with directorial power, requisite for accomplishing all things necessary for the safety of the Church." In the end, Leibnitz, although he never formally adhered to the Catholic Church, accepted in theory the whole of its essential organization, doctrine, and practice. This is shown by his remarkable treatise *Systema Theologicum*. No clearer a defence of the Catholic Church, its doctrines, and sacraments has ever been written. Leibnitz clearly defined a Body as distinguished from a mere Assembly, and recognized that a Body must have an organ to speak, decide, and act. He agreed with Bossuet that the final and supreme voice of the Church was that of the Pope in General Council, and, like Bossuet, was willing to concede to the Pope alone all spiritual jurisdiction short of this. If, therefore, the Council of Trent was a true General Council, he and Bossuet would have been in agreement, but it was just here that these two eminent men differed.

The Council of Trent, especially in the doctrine of Justification and in the doctrine of the Mass, affirmed that which Luther denied and condemned that which Luther affirmed. Leibnitz knew that although, as Bossuet himself thought, the Catholic and Lutheran doctrines might be capable of reconciliation by way of explanation, it would not be practically possible to induce the German Lutherans to accept formally the decrees, or decisions, of Trent. Also he held himself that, for various reasons, the Council of Trent was not a legitimate General Council, and argued that its decrees had not been accepted by a large

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part of the Christian world, or even officially received by Catholic France, as a secular State. Therefore he urged upon Bossuet that a conditional union, or *modus vivendi*, should be made between Catholics and Protestants, and that the Pope should declare the decisions of the Council of Trent to be suspended until a new and more generally accepted and attended Council could be convened to reconsider them with a view to possible modification. Bossuet, in his replies, draws a very necessary distinction between, on one side, non-fundamental Articles relating to discipline or details of ecclesiastical order which were open to reconsideration—such, e.g., as the marriage of clergy, or the use of Latin in the cult—and, on the other side, fundamental definitions of faith, such as those with regard to the doctrine of Justification and the nature of the sacraments, which could not be reopened without destroying the foundations of the Church based upon its infallibility in matters *de fide*. “I believe in the Catholic Church” meant this to a Catholic. There were rules, he said, by which the matters so distinguished could easily be ascertained. After laying down certain principles to which a General Council must conform, Bossuet said that the Council of Trent, upon these principles, was received and approved by all the Churches in communion with the See of Rome (“which,” he said, “we hold to be the only Catholic Church”) as having exactly the same authority as that of the Council of Nicea, so far as regards matters of faith. “If,” he added, “it were necessary to hold an assembly to accept this Council, there would be no less reason to demand another to accept that one. Thus, from formality to formality, and from acceptance to acceptance, one would go on without an end. The limit where it is necessary to stop is to hold for infallible that which the Church, which is infallible, unanimously receives, without contestation in the whole body.

“. . . It is clear that if the least portion of the decisions of the Church (*de fide*) is weakened the promise (of divine guidance) is deregated, and with it the whole body of the Revelation.” Thus, he concluded, the conclusions *de fide*

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of the Council of Trent could not be reopened for discussion.

It mattered not, added Bossuet, that "so great a body as the Protestants had not consented to the Council of Trent, but had formally rejected it, and that their pastors had not been received there, not even those who had been ordained in the Catholic Church, like those (Bishops) of England and Sweden. For, by the fourth Article, Bishops, although legitimately ordained, if they renounce the faith of their consecrators and the body of the episcopate to which they had been added, as the English, the Danes, and the Swedes have constantly done, are thenceforth not counted as being of the body." If this were true of English, Swedish, and Danish Bishops, it would, he says, *a fortiori* be true of Lutheran pastors not duly ordained and outside the succession.

Ten years before his correspondence with Leibnitz, Bossuet had written his *Defence of the Declaration of the Gallican Clergy Concerning the Ecclesiastical Power*. Chapter iv of the *Declaration* asserted that "in questions of faith the part of the highest pontiff is the chief, and his decrees pertain to all and each of the Churches. Nor yet is his judgement irreformable, unless the consent of the Church is given to it"—"Nec tamen irreformabile esse judicium nisi consensus ecclesias accessavit." These last words, in so far as they mean that decisions by the Pope *ex cathedrâ*, without the vote of a General Council can be reversed, were overruled by the decree of the Vatican Council in 1870. That General Council decided against the honest opinion of the Gallican Church, just as the Council of Nicea, in the matter of re-baptism of received schismatics and heretics, decided against the honest and tenable view previously expressed by St. Cyprian and the Provincial Council of African Bishops. When Bossuet wrote it was still an open question, on which diversity of opinion was most legitimate and even salutary, whether a decision *ex cathedrâ* of the Pope alone in matters of faith could be reversed by the Pope acting with or in a General Council, but since 1870 this is no longer an open question

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for Catholics. Had Bossuet been living in 1870, with his opinions of 1682, he would no doubt have vigorously opposed the definition, as did Dupanloup of Orleans and other French Bishops, but, on the principle repeatedly expressed both in his Gallican controversy and especially in his letters to Leibnitz, he would, when the decree had been once made, certainly have accepted it as they did. More than once he quoted with approval St. Augustine's remark that St. Cyprian, had he been living at the time of the Council of Nicea, would have submitted to the decision which reversed that of himself and his African Bishops on the subject of rebaptization of heretics—“*Cui et ille procul dubio cederet si quaestio[n]is hujus veritas eliquata et declarata per plenarium Concilium solidaretur.*”

Bossuet could not, and would not, have said that the Vatican Council was less an *Œcumical* Council than that of Trent, and he had already said that the Council of Trent was as much an *Œcumical* Council of the Catholic Church as that of Nicea. He would no doubt, had he been there, have produced in debate at the Vatican Council the decisions of the Council of Constance, and the rest of his powerful argument in the *Defensio*. But, after the result of the Vatican Council, Bossuet must, upon his own principle, have submitted, and certainly would have submitted, as did his loyal descendants of the Gallican Episcopate. He would have said that the decrees of the Council of Constance must now be reconciled with those of the Vatican Council. He said in his *Defensio* with regard to the decrees of Constance and Florence, differing as they did in appearance: “So it is right that Councils should be reconciled by Catholics and not set in collision, lest the authority, which is in the Highest Church, should be shaken.” His solution would probably have been that definitions of Faith and Morals, whether made by Popes alone, under the carefully guarding Vatican conditions, or whether made by the Pope and Council acting simultaneously and together, were binding upon all Catholics, including the Popes themselves.

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Thus the decision, *de Ecclesiâ*, of the Vatican Council, which every true Catholic faithfully accepts, indicates the form of the ecclesiastical authority. Solemn definitions, *ex cathedrâ*, of the Pope alone, in matters of faith and morals, are as irreformable and unreversible as are past and future definitions made by the Pope with the assent of General Councils. Neither method of procedure is precluded. Either can be used, and both are equally valid. The Church is like the householder in the parable who has in his store both old things and new. Or, still better, it is like the Lord's servant who put out his money to interest, and then had both the original money and the additions. Its antagonists in the Christian world were like men who objected to the householder for producing new things from his store, or like those who approved of the man who kept buried his original "talent" and refused to put it out to interest. This is as true of the Protestants of the sixteenth century and later, as it was of the Arians in the fourth century. Arians and Protestants stood by what they alleged to be the earliest teaching and resisted the later unfoldings of doctrine. In the same category stood those few Catholics who in 1870 challenged and denied the decision of the Vatican Council. If some of them passed into schism, as the great Bossuet would never have passed, they did but follow the example of all those who, from the beginning, from those recorded in the sixth chapter of St. John's Gospel downwards, have left the Church because they thought that certain statements of faith were incredible or untenable, or too strong.

Many, who belong not to the Church centred at Rome, accept as œcumeneal the Councils of the first four or six centuries, but say that since that date there have been no general, plenary, or œcumeneal Councils, and that the Council of Trent, for instance, and the Vatican Council were mere provincial, or regional, or sectarian assemblies, whose decisions can be reviewed and either adopted or reversed by the next true General Council, representing all Christians, when it meets.

Obviously the question of the authority of these or

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other Councils turns upon the definition of the Catholic Church. On the one side there is the belief that this Church, the same as that intended by the Apostolic and Nicene Creeds, is that which has its circumference everywhere and its visible centre at Rome. This, it is believed, is the true Catholic and Apostolic Church—"late valideque diffusa per orbem."

Against this belief and definition the Protestant Revolution of the sixteenth century was directed far more strongly than against any other doctrine, and it is now the last of the Catholic doctrines to which Protestants are disposed to assent.

Those who formed new and independent Churches were bound to deny that those who still adhered to the Chair of St. Peter at Rome formed the whole Catholic Church continuous with that mentioned in the Creeds. They at once gave new names to the faithful, calling them Papists, Romanists, and so forth. This was a time-honoured practice. "It is not wonderful," says St. Augustine, "that the new heretics impose a new name on the Catholics from whom they go out. This also others have done when they in like manner formerly went out."*

It was easy enough to deny the Catholic claim: it was not so easy to construct a new definition of the words "Catholic Church" which should suit at once the historic Creeds and the new anarchy. The Lutheran Confession of Augsburg in 1530 made the first formal attempt. It was intended from the first, it said, that one holy Church should remain for ever:

But the Church of Christ is properly the congregation of the members of Christ—that is, of the saints who believe and obey Christ in this life, and with this congregation many bad men and hypocrites are mingled until the day of judgement. But the Church has its proper signs—that is to say, a pure and sane Evangelic doctrine and the right use of the sacraments."

* "Non est mirum quod novi haeretici Catholicis, & quibus excent, novum nomen imponunt. Hoc et alii fecerunt, quando similiter exierunt."—*Op. contra Julianum.*

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The Wittenberg Confession (1537), Article 33, runs:

We judge from the authority of sacred Scripture and the ancient Fathers that there is a Catholic and Apostolic Church, not bound to one certain place or people nor to one certain kind of men, but that it is in that place or people where the Gospel of Christ is sincerely preached and his sacraments are rightly administered according to Christ's institution.

The Bohemian Confession, approved by Luther, professed:

A holy and Catholic Church, which comprises all the Christians dispersed throughout the world, who are brought together by the preaching of the Gospel in the faith of the Trinity and Jesus Christ. Wherever Jesus Christ is preached and received, and wherever is the Word and the sacraments according to the rule which he has prescribed, there is the Church.

The Swiss Calvinists in their Confession of 1566 said that "the Church has always been, is, and will always be, the assembly of the faithful and the saints who know God and serve him by the Word and the Holy Spirit." Lawful and true preaching and the administration of the sacraments as instituted by Christ are the chief marks. The Calvinist Church of Scotland had a similar definition. The French Calvinists stated in their Confession that there was one true and visible Church, and that where the Word of God and the true sacraments are not, there is, properly speaking, no Church. Their Article 28 condemned the "assemblies of the Papacy," "seeing that the pure truth of God is banished from them, and the sacraments are corrupted, falsified, or altogether destroyed, and superstitions and idolatries rule there," whence this conclusion is drawn: "We hold, then, that all who take part in such actions, and communicate therewith, separate themselves and cut themselves off from the Body of Jesus Christ."

The framers of the definitions of the Church in the Lutheran, Anglican, and Calvinist Confessions or Articles encountered this great difficulty. They all condemned the doctrine of Transubstantiation and the consequent form of cult and other doctrines and practices which for centuries

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had been universally received and practised. Therefore, during these centuries, according to them, the true Gospel had not been taught either in the West or in the East. Nor, however much they differed among themselves as to the meaning of the highest sacrament, had it, according to any of them, been rightly administered during these centuries, for they all most strongly denounced Communion in one kind. Therefore, according to their premises and definition, the Catholic or True Church had been non-existent. Yet they said that the Church was eternal and always existing. That eternal Church had been, apparently, latent between very early times and the Protestant Reformation, only to be found, perhaps, in some obscure Alpine valley. Some of the Reformers honestly said that it had been so latent as to be practically invisible. This conclusion was so extremely absurd that milder doctrines came to prevail among the French Protestants. Towards the end of the seventeenth century many of them had arrived at the Branch Theory, which their then leading writer, the Minister Jurieu, worded thus :

The universal Church has divided itself into two great parts—the Greek Church and the Latin Church. The Greek Church, before this great schism, was already subdivided into Nestorians, Eutychians, Melchites, and several other sects; the Latin Church divided into Papists, Vaudois, Hussites, Taborites, Lutherans, Calvinists.

It is an error, he says, to imagine that all these different parts have absolutely broken with Jesus Christ in breaking with each other. So that, since they are all still more or less in connection with their Head, they still form together the Universal or Catholic Church. The only associations which are outside the Catholic Church are those which deny such fundamental doctrines as the Trinity or the Incarnation.

The final conclusion to which this Protestant writer came was that “to know the Body of the Christian and Universal Church only one mark is necessary, and that is the confession of the name of Jesus Christ, the true Messiah and Redeemer of the human race.” According

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to this view, Augustine would have been quite wrong in excluding from the Catholic Church not only the Donatists but the Arians. Those who wrote the words of the Creed stating belief in the One, Holy, Catholic, Apostolic Church, certainly did not mean that this Church consisted of all who confessed a name, any more than those who should say, "I believe in the existence of the British Empire," would mean, "I believe in the existence of all those who speak the English language."

But, apart from the clear meaning of those who put together the Creed, there were other living objections to this universalist theory. Bossuet objected to Jurieu that a Universal Church so composed, or rather so discomposed, could not be that teaching Church to which, as all Christians agreed, our Lord had promised assistance and inspiration. Jurieu replied that the Universal Church did not teach at all, except in the following way. It was composed of certain organized and existing bodies which were, he said, "the Greeks, the Latins, the Protestants, the Abyssinians, the Armenians, the Nestorians, the Russians," and "the consent of all these Communions to teach certain truths is a kind of judgement and infallible judgement. . . . When the consent of the Universal Church is general in all the ages as well as in all the Communions, then this unanimous consent makes a demonstration." And again he says: "All that Christians have believed unanimously and still believe everywhere is fundamental and necessary to salvation."*

It is as clear as day that if nothing had ever been deemed fundamental but that which Christians believed, and had always believed, *unanimously*, none of the doctrines, such as that of the Trinity, considered fundamental could ever have been established, for neither in the days of the Council of Nicea nor at any other time was there unanimity.

The doctrine of infallibility by ascertained consent of all Churches is also the Anglican theory, but the modern Anglican theory, unlike the old one, seems to limit it to the consent of Churches possessing Bishops of accredited

* See Bossuet, *Histoire des Variations*, bk. xv.

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descent, and to exclude non-episcopal Protestant Churches, and even, perhaps, some episcopal ones, like the Scandinavian, of dubious pedigree. But in the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries the English Church was reckoned as a certainly Protestant, and rather a Calvinist, or "Reformed," than a Lutheran, body. As such it sent representatives to the Conference at Frankfort in 1577, of Protestant Churches other than Lutheran, held with the object of framing a common Confession of Faith; and, again, to the Calvinist Synod held at Dordrecht in 1619. The Anglican Article, XIX, defining the Church, was close akin to the other Protestant definitions, and did not make Apostolic Succession, or "historic episcopacy," essential.

The visible Church of Christ is a congregation of faithful men, in which the pure Word of God is preached, and the sacraments are duly administered according to Christ's ordinance in all those things that of necessity are requisite to the same.

Following the Wittenberg Confession, Article XXI of the English Church laid it down that any Council, even if legitimately assembled, by the edict of a secular Prince, might err, and that, therefore, "things ordained by them as necessary to salvation have neither strength nor authority, unless it may be declared that they be taken out of holy Scripture."

Declared by whom?

Thirteen articles were found among Cranmer's papers, intended, it is supposed, as a basis of articles of faith for all Protestant Churches. Melanchthon had been invited to England to assist in framing this Confession, but did not come, and the plan fell through. In the fifth of these articles Cranmer writes that there are two chief meanings of "the Church," one that of "the congregation of all holy and true faithful persons who truly believe in Christ their head, and are sanctified by His Spirit. This is the living and truly holy mystic body of Christ, but known only to God, who alone sees the hearts of men." The other meaning, he says, is "that in which the Church is taken for the congregation of all men who are baptized in

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Christ and have not openly denied Christ nor are justly, and through his Word, excommunicated. That meaning of the Church suits its state in this life in which good are mixed with bad. It is known by the profession of the Gospel and the Communion of the sacraments. . . . This is the Catholic and Apostolic Church," etc.

This Church, he also says, ought to be known in order that it may be heard, according to the text, "Whoso does not hear the Church," etc. But how, through whom, where, when, by what voice is the Church to speak?—this Church composed of all baptized and not properly (and who is to judge of the propriety?) excommunicated Christians, who attend what Cranmer, or others, might deem preaching of the pure Gospel and rightly administered sacraments?—this Church without definite union and government, and so without means of speech? Cranmer, prudently steering by "the channel of no meaning," between yes and no, left this enigma untouched. One would suppose that his definition of the visible Church did not include the Church in communion with Rome, for, in his opinion, that Church did not teach the pure Gospel nor rightly administer the sacraments; but if he had been pressed upon this point he would doubtless have successfully evaded a clear yes or no. He is the patriarch of the "safe" Anglican Churchman so vividly described in one of Newman's essays. His whole definition is vague, in the air; one does not know what it covers and what it does not, to what reality it corresponds, or whether it corresponds to any reality at all. It was a mere notion of the learned Cambridge professor who was made Archbishop of Canterbury, because he was clever at suggesting verbal tricks and expedients to a gross and thick-headed monarch. It is but one of the numerous brood of the ever-varying Protestant definitions of the sixteenth century, chiefly designed to bring into a working political combination the contending Lutherans and Calvinists, while excluding Catholics. What was ardently sought for, but never found, was some form of words which all Protestants could sign. The Anglican Church has suffered through-

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out its history because it was impressed, at its reconstitution as a separated Church, by the subtle, fluctuating, and academic mind of Cranmer and the unprincipled and opportunist feminine-political mind of Queen Elizabeth. But it retained, or has recovered, or is recovering, most of that which is truly Catholic in cult and doctrine, and the day must come when the best of its sons and daughters, already half converted, if not all of them as a body, will return to union with the Apostolic See.

The seventeenth-century Independents in England and France, rebels against the Moderate Revolution, denied the necessity and legitimacy of even a self-determining National Church and maintained the autonomy of each congregation. This brought them into conflict with the Presbyterian Church established in England during the Commonwealth period; as before and after it, they were in conflict with the National Episcopal Church. In France they were condemned by the Synod of the strongly organized French Calvinist Church held at Charenton in 1644. The Synod pointed out that the error of the Independents lay in teaching "that each Church ought to govern itself by its own laws without any dependence upon anyone in ecclesiastical matters, and without the obligation of recognizing the authority of Conferences and Synods for its rule and conduct." The Synod declared that this sect was as injurious to the State as to the Church, that it opened the door to all kinds of irregularities and extravagancies, that it took away all means of remedying these, and that if it were allowed as many religions might be formed as there were parishes or individual congregations.

Thus the French Protestants, although they were not the established Church, as in England, Scotland, and German and Scandinavian Protestant States, were of opinion that the process of disintegration and autonomy of the disintegrated portions must not go lower than the boundaries of each political State. The Independents, both in France and England, were the more logical reasoners who carried the dissolving process down to each congregation. The main Protestant Churches maintained

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against these domestic rebels exactly the principle of authority which they rejected when urged against their own rebellion by the Catholic Church, centred at Rome, with its continuous and unbroken descent and coherent development from the Apostolic age.

The view common to all these Protestant Confessions is that the Catholic Church truly exists, but exists there, and there only, where the pure Gospel is preached and the sacraments are rightly administered. This is the major premiss. The minor premiss is that here, or there, the pure Gospel is preached and the sacraments are rightly administered. The conclusion is: Therefore this, or that, is a part of the true Catholic Church and the Body of Christ. The weakness of the position is that the minor premiss is always open to question and denial. What is the pure Gospel, and what is the true administration of the sacraments? Who is to decide? The question is left in the air by all these Confessions of Faith. That Catholics do not agree with the Protestants did not, indeed, matter to those who deemed that Rome was Babylon or Anti-christ. But then Lutheran and Calvinist Protestants did not, and do not, agree with each other. The Lutherans denounced the doctrine of Transubstantiation, but they asserted that of Consubstantiation and, in this form, the objective presence of the body of Christ received by the bad as well as the good, in the Sacrament. The Calvinists, with whom in this respect the active Reformers of the English Church agreed, asserted a vague "real presence," but equally strongly denied both transubstantiation and consubstantiation, and held that the Sacrament was received by faith, and so only by the faithful, just as some of them maintained that the Church consisted only of the Elect.

Catholics have a firm and simple foundation. If they are asked, "What is the pure Gospel, and What is the true administration of the sacraments?" they do not say, "It is this or that doctrine, this or that rite." They reply, "That which the visible, recognized, continuous Church of all nations in actual communion with the Chair of St. Peter at Rome has taught or now teaches through its living

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and recognized voice, in the past and in the present—that is the true doctrine; and those sacraments which this Catholic Church authorizes are the true sacraments, and the meaning which it attaches to them is the true essential meaning.”

So St. Augustine said that he would not accept the Gospels themselves except upon the authority of the Church. But, in the Protestant view, the doctrine and sacraments are not accepted from the Church, but the Church is to be discovered from the right teaching and sacraments. St. Augustine’s method is exactly inverted. By whom discovered? By the individual with his Bible, and its commentators, before him. And when discovered the Church turns out not to be, after all, any definite, organized Body.

Modern Anglicans, dissatisfied with the impossible definition embodied in their own Confession of Faith, now say that the Catholic Church consists of all those who obey Bishops, or at least possess Bishops, having direct succession traceable through history. Russians or Greeks would say that the “Orthodox” Churches are those who both use the Greek rite and are not connected with, but protest against, Rome. In the true and original sense of the word, all these Greek Churches are essentially Protestant Churches. Most other non-Catholics now hold the notion that the Catholic Church consists of all who profess and call themselves Christians, so that it is only another name for “Christendom.” The idea is then lost in a misty sea of universal benevolence. Meanwhile, as of old, the international, visibly organic, Catholic, Church centred at Rome holds to the exclusive, definite conception held by St. Augustine. There is no “low visibility” about this. It claims to be exclusively and entirely the Catholic Church, to which those outside may belong at heart or in soul, but do not belong in body unless they formally join it. But the exclusiveness of the Catholic Church is not the exclusiveness of the Jews, or of proud Venetian aristocracies. It is not the exclusiveness of an Indian caste. Those in the Church do not desire to keep those outside from entering

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in and sharing their peace and plenty. Exactly the contrary. The Catholic Church has, from its earliest foundation, ardently desired, and now desires, that all those outside the clearly delineated frontier should come in, and that all those who have left her, or whose ancestors have left her, should return. Like the Oracle in Virgil's verse to the right-hearted but wandering sons of Troy, she says:

*Dardanidae duri, quae vos a stirpe parentum
Prima tulit tellus, eadem vos ubere laeto
Accipiet reduces; antiquam exquirite matrem;
Hic domus Aeneae cunctis dominabitur oris,
Et nati natorum, et qui nascentur ab illis.*

I may conclude by quoting a passage from Palmieri's great work *De Romano Pontefice* (Rome, 1877), which, translated into English, runs thus:

It is necessary that the true Church of Christ should have certain marks by which it may be known and discerned from false sects. Protestants, truly, vainly declare that the marks of the Church are truth of doctrine and legitimate administration of the Sacraments. But unity, sanctity, catholicity, and apostolicity, which are ontologically properties of the Church, are logically also marks of the same, and they are all necessary that any assembly may be considered the true Church of Christ, and are sufficient, whether all together or separately, to demonstrate the true Church of Christ. Besides that assembly which is contained in the Roman Communion there is no Christian assembly embracing all the necessary and sufficient marks. Although some of the four above-mentioned properties may *apparently* belong to some assembly which is not the true Church, yet it can be easily demonstrated that no Eastern or Western sect distinguished from the Roman Communion can deservedly claim for itself even one of these properties. But there is one assembly, contained in the Roman Communion, to which all these marks belong, and accordingly the appellation "Roman" has been made a mark of the Church, which true Church is separated from the false sects.

The Catholic definition of the Church rests on a foundation of rock. All other definitions rest on foundations of shifting sand, and therefore have always been cracking, and in need of never-ending repairs and alterations.

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Those, therefore, outside the border who have most felt the desire for continuity, permanence, strength, unity, and consistency, have always felt also the sovereign attraction of the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman Church. It is this rock-foundation which gives that solemn impression of the *Immensa Pacis Romanae Majestas*, which Pliny attributed to the secular Empire.

BERNARD HOLLAND, C.B.

INTER- NATIONALIZATION

THE Church Christ founded is supra-national. That is a matter of essence not of incidents, with which these notes, recording simple phenomena, are not concerned. But it is also international; the material mass of it is composed of peoples of all languages and countries. Christ gave the keys to Peter and in succession to Pope after Pope; and Rome, the See of Peter, has been the seat of Christ's Vicar, centre of the authority of the supra-national Church, ever since. On that these notes do not touch. They are concerned only with the resulting incident that the administrative centre of the international Church is in Rome, which is placed geographically in Italy—passing moments such as those of Avignon being of no account at the moment; with the phenomena that arise from that fact, and with questions, arguments, problems, and considerations arising from those phenomena—all of which may be summed up shortly in the suggestion which one meets here in Rome from time to time in print or in conversation, that while the Church is universal, of all nations, its administration is of one nation, is at any rate too prevalently Italian.

The subject was brought to mind not long ago by the plea in King Alfonso's address to His Holiness, on the occasion of the Spanish Royal visit, on behalf of his own people and those akin to them across the Atlantic. His Catholic Majesty's position gives him every right to plead, though the publicly outspoken method caused some surprise here at the time. One remembers less worthily motived references to the subject: some persons in Germany using it in 1914 as a means to attack the whole administration of the Church, an English correspondent here four years before that as a means to get into line with the prevailing fashion of those days, "When there is nothing else to do, attack Cardinal Merry del Val," and three years before that a pub-

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lication which ran through almost all the great papers in the United States claiming increased "Anglo-Saxon" representation in Rome. If there was evident lack of knowledge and some suggestion of malevolence in these, there is nothing but sincerity and desire for the increased welfare and progress of the administration of the Church in the pleas which have been voiced recently for more universal representation of the nations in that administration.

Which said, let statistics tell their tale, and first as regards Cardinals :

Before the Consistory of March last year there were sixty-four Cardinals in the Sacred College, and the number happens to be an interesting one for comparison : thirty-three Italians, thirty-one non-Italians. After the memorable Consistory of 1911, when Pius X added eighteen Cardinals to the Sacred College, not counting the one reserved *in pectore*, its numbers reached sixty-four and the proportion was the same, thirty-three and thirty-one. Going back some years to the election of Pius IX in 1846, we find the number of Cardinals in Conclave two less, but of the sixty-two very few indeed were non-Italians : thirty Cardinals were in Rome, seventeen in the Papal States, eight occupied archiepiscopal sees in various parts of Italy, there were three in France, one each in Austria, Spain, Portugal, and Belgium; there was only one Cardinal from the whole of the non-Latin world. During the long reign of Pius IX Ireland, England, Germany, and America began to figure in the Sacred College, but of the sixty-one Cardinals who elected Leo XIII in the Conclave of 1878 the vast majority was Italian. During Leo's pontificate the proportion slowly changed. In the Conclave of 1903, which elected Pius X, there were, again, sixty-four Cardinals, thirty-eight Italian, twenty-six non-Italian; before the 1911 Consistory there were forty-six, twenty-eight Italian, eighteen non-Italian; after it, again, sixty-four, thirty-three and thirty-one, and Pius X continued the levelling process; the creation of five Italians and eight non-Italians in 1914 brought the Sacred College to sixty-six, thirty-three from Italy, the same number from abroad. That proportion, of practically

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equal numbers, has continued, with slight variations, ever since. As a rule the Italians have been ahead by one or two; once it happened, after the Consistory of March, 1921, that they were as many as three behind; in June of that year the numbers were level again. Now, once again, there are sixty-four and evenly divided.

When we look at the Cardinals in Curia the proportion is very different indeed. There are at the present moment twenty-four Italians and six non-Italians sitting permanently by the side of the Supreme Pontiff to assist him in the central government of the Church in Rome. Of the latter, one is Spanish, one Dutch, one Austrian, one French, one English, one German. But it is not in the least true nowadays that any one of these Cardinals "represents" his country, valuable as may be the special knowledge of any of them of matters outside Italy. Cardinal Mathieu was the last of the "national" Cardinals, and on the agitation in 1914 for a German Cardinal in Curia a clever writer here stressed this point, noting that there were "only two non-Italian Cardinals in Curia, Cardinal Merry del Val (Secretary of State) 'representing' the Holy Father, and Cardinal Billot 'representing' Catholic Theology." Nor did any of the Religious Cardinals "represent" their Order.

Of the other category, the thirty-four whom the Pontiffs have placed in charge of sees in various parts of the world, eight are in Italy, six in France, four in the United States, three in Spain, two in the British Commonwealth (one England, one Canada), three in Germany, two in Poland, one each in Austria, Portugal, Brasil, Belgium, Hungary, and Czechoslovakia.

Of the Apostolic Delegations, dependent either on the Consistorial Congregation or Propaganda, sixteen are filled by Italians, two by Frenchmen, two by Dutchmen. Archiepiscopal and episcopal sees are occupied with very rare exceptions by prelates of the countries in which they are situated, but Vicars and Prefects Apostolic are of varying nationalities. They are furnished from the Religious Orders in charge of these outlying missions, and the evan-

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gelizing of these far-off peoples by nationals of the country which has political control is sometimes a difficult problem. It is specially difficult in the case of British possessions on account of the disparity, notably increased by the war, between the area to be covered and the missionaries available. The smooth working that results from the identity of nationality of the missionaries and the authorities in control helps both the work of civil government and the progress of religion, and the Holy See has often shown its recognition of this. But missionaries there must be, and if they cannot be found of the preferable nationality they must be sought elsewhere. In many instances, since the war, when the missionary priests have not been available, smooth working and mutual understanding have been assured by the appointment, at least, of a national of the controlling Power as responsible head, Bishop, Vicar, or Prefect Apostolic. This, at any rate, reduces the problem from bulk of workers to single persons. Time will, of course, help to its solution, but on the other hand time and the zeal of the workers are ever enlarging the field.

In the Roman Curia itself, of the twelve Congregations the Cardinal Prefects—or Cardinal Secretaries in the three, Holy Office, Consistorial and Oriental Church, of which the Pontiff is himself Prefect—are in nine cases Italian, in three non-Italian, the Holy Office and the Rev. Fabric of St. Peter's having a Spaniard, Cardinal Merry del Val, at their head, Propaganda a Dutchman, Cardinal Van Rossum. The Congregation of Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs has no official chief, but the Secretary is Italian, as is the Cardinal Secretary of State. In the category of Offices, Tribunals, etc., the Chancellor, Datary, Penitentiary, Prefect of the Segnatura, Chamberlain, are all Italian, the Dean of the Rota is English, Mgr. Prior; that Court was to some extent internationalized under Pius X but is three-quarters Italian. Among the Consultors of the Sacred Congregations there is a very large foreign element; they may in fact be said to be a thoroughly international body; on the other hand, the working staffs of all Congregations, Offices, Tribunals, are entirely composed

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of Italians. The Secretariate of State is entirely Italian. All the Nuncios, the diplomatic representatives of the Holy See, are Italian.

The Religious Orders are in a category of their own. They must be mentioned in any summary representation of the organization of the Church, but only in that way are they of Rome. They are by their nature international, as are their heads and, generally speaking, their Procurators in Rome, though for convenience of working here a number of the latter are Italian.

In the more strictly speaking religious department of the Vatican, the Pontifical Chapel, the Pontifical Family, Vatican officers, Maggiordomo, Maestro di Camera, Pontifical Almoner, Sacristan and others, all, with very few exceptions, are Italian where it is a case of permanent personal service on the Pontiff. It happens that the Maggiordomo is of South American origin, but nearly all his working life has been spent in Rome. Among Bishops Assistant at the Pontifical Throne there is naturally a very considerable foreign element, these being nominated from all over the world, and the same is the case with Protontaries Apostolic *ad instar*, Domestic Prelates and Private Chamberlains both cleric and lay, none of whom are in permanent personal attendance.

A considerable foreign element is seen in the organization of higher studies, and it is a curious fact that the Cardinals of the Pontifical Commission for Biblical Studies are all foreigners, a Dutchman, a Spaniard, a Frenchman, an Englishman, a German, and the Secretary is a Belgian. The Commission for the Revision of the Vulgate has Cardinal Gasquet at its head, and his staff is international. The recently organized Council of the Work of the Propagation of the Faith was naturally formed to include representatives of all leading countries; the President is the Secretary of Propaganda, an Italian, the Vice-president a Frenchman, in recognition of the great work done in the past at Lyons.

There is a natural preponderance of Italians in the offices connected with the Vatican, the "Palatine Administra-

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tion," as, equally naturally, in the Vicariate. In the former department, however, it happens that an Englishman, Cardinal Gasquet, is Librarian and also Archivist, and the Director of the Vatican Observatory is a German. The national colleges come in a category of their own; Pontifical seminaries are Roman institutions; colleges of Regulars are quite international; Pontifical academies show a fair mixture of foreigners. Of the Papal armed corps, the Swiss Guard are Swiss, the Noble Guard, Palatine Guard, and Pontifical Gendarmes practically entirely Italian. Regarding the Noble Guard, it will be remembered that one of King Alfonso's pleas to His Holiness was for the admission of Spaniards of noble family to that body. It was typical of Pius X that he instituted a reform of the corps in 1913 and 1914, internationalizing it by instituting Honorary Noble Guards to the number of thirty-two, who could be selected from other than Roman or Italian noble families, but these dispositions were amended in the following year, and it is difficult now to find any non-Italian names in the list.

There is a long list of Private Chamberlains, cleric and lay, and a shorter list of Chaplains, all part of the Pontifical "Family," but not all utilizing regularly their privilege of personal attendance on the Pontiff. There are several categories, including the now rather anomalous one, among the clerics, of *extra urbem*, those living outside Rome and in the old days ready to be in attendance if the Pope visited their city. The list of foreign countries represented suggests the possibility of the Pope visiting a number of cities in Italy, Chile, Portugal, Spain, Switzerland, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Germany, Jugoslavia, Palestine, Persia, Madeira, but of dioceses in English-speaking countries only Nottingham and Port of Spain. Of the total number of 2,118, 1,162, or nearly 57½ per cent., are non-Italian, and of these 122 English-speaking. It is by no means unusual at certain seasons of the year, during the early spring for instance, to find a British or American *Cameriere Segreto* on duty in the *Anticamera*. There were eight British there on the occasion of their Sovereigns' audience

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in May, 1922. It results from the figures in this category that representation of non-Italians is 57½ per cent. of the total, that of English-speaking countries 10½ per cent. of non-Italians, and less than 6 per cent. of the total. The Catholic Directory figures for 1924 give a Catholic population in English-speaking countries of 42,856,094, that is nearly 13½ per cent. of the total Catholic population of the world of 324,328,408.

To summarize in general outline, it may be said that in offices of a consultative or deliberative nature there is a good admixture of non-Italians with Italians; those of purely administrative character are almost entirely filled by Italians. In the long lists of sub-officials, secretaries, clerks, of various grades and various nomenclatures, it is difficult to spot any name that is not Italian. And there is, then, on the face of it, justification for the thought which sometimes occurs: The Church is universal, international, but is not its administration—and as it is merely administration that is being considered the supra-national character of the Church need not be dwelt on—is not its administration too prevalently Italian? Is not, in fact, a universal Church being run by Italians, and would it not be a good thing for the Church that its administration should be international, should at least be leavened by a larger element from outside?

That is what one sometimes hears said, and the suggestion seems quite natural and right. But before considering the problem, which is really one of development, a preliminary correction may be suggested, the substitution of the word "Romans" for the word "Italians." For, in fact, everyone, from the Holy Father himself down to the most ordinary *scrittore* in a Congregation, whatever his original nationality may be—and certainly this is very prevalently Italian as things stand—is a "Roman." He is part of the central administration in Rome of the Church which is Roman and he is a Roman, he is a part of Rome. An illustration jumps to the eye. The name of a Most Eminent personality has been mentioned: Cardinal Merry del Val. In the enumeration above he is classified as a

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Spaniard. That is his nationality; he is of Spanish and Irish origin; he was born and educated in England, has experience of practically every European country, of Canada and the United States; he has worked here nearly forty years; he is cosmopolitan but Roman as the universal Church is Roman. "Roman" must be substituted for "Italian" if we are to think clearly. Otherwise we drift into the train of thought which, reduced to absurdity, led the Anglican to speak of the preposterousness of imagining that any man could be infallible, "and he an Italian."

To revert to statistics, and first regarding Cardinals, the Sacred College, including the two members from the United States now numbers sixty-four, thirty-two Italians, thirty-two non-Italians. Cardinals in Curia are thirty, twenty-four Italians, six non-Italians; those in dioceses are now thirty-four, eight in Italy, twenty-six abroad. Strictly speaking, there is no such thing as a "Cardinalitial post." Such may have been a natural incident of the old necessarily political times of the Temporal Power, but obviously the Church can allow no binding reason why, say, the Patriarch of Venice or the Archbishop of Westminster, or, on the other side, say, the Nuncio at Paris or Madrid or the Assessor of a particular Congregation must be made a Cardinal just because he holds that position. That is a principle which Pius X insisted should be understood: there could be no room for such a conception in "*Instaurare omnia in Christo.*" But it happens naturally that the persons holding such distinguished positions do become Cardinals, the reason being that it is through merit that they are promoted to them and through merit that they receive the further promotion. Individuals are placed in charge of certain specially important sees because they have proved their goodness and capacity beyond their fellows, and the Holy Father adds them later to the number of his intimate counsellors on account of these qualities. While, then, strictly speaking, there is no reason why he should have ten or a dozen or one or two or none at all from any particular countries, it is obvious, in the first place, that the more predominantly Catholic certain countries are the

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greater proportion of such men is likely to be found there. There are almost as many inhabitants in the United Kingdom as in Italy, but it is not likely that the Holy Father, looking round, would find there as many great men, proved and distinguished in the service of the Church. Inasmuch as there are far fewer Catholics, opportunity is less. In the second place, the salvation of souls is always the ultimate object of every action of the Holy Father, but he has to use the human means which Providence has placed at his disposal. When he sees human means, specially abundant, specially utilizable for that holy end, in any quarter of the globe, he uses them. Last year he told two new Cardinals he created from the United States that their country has deserved well of the world, that it has used well the great power and prestige it now enjoys. Driving force of its good work he sees in the deep and true religious feeling there. In recognition of that work, and as incitement to its continuance for the attainment of the ultimate great thing which the world needs in order to live and be good, the Peace of Christ in the Kingdom of Christ, he honours their country, two great cities, two great Pastors, by raising two American Archbishops to the Senate of the Church. Opportunity in this case has been great and has been seized worthily.

The eight Cardinals in Italian sees at present are at Naples (with the transference of Cardinal Ascalesi from Benevento), Palermo, Catania, Bologna, Florence, Venice, Milan and Pisa. Other sees often occupied by Cardinals are Turin, Genoa, Messina, Trieste. One is accustomed to reckon on about ten Cardinals in residential sees in Italy—the six Cardinal Bishops in the suburban sees are in another category—and it would be surprising to find less than eight, say, with variations arising from circumstances, Venice, Milan, Turin, Bologna, Florence, Genoa, Naples, Palermo. It would be hard to imagine France with less than five residential Cardinals, Spain four, Germany two, four among Austria, Czechoslovakia, Poland, and Hungary, Belgium one, British Commonwealth three, United States three, Portugal one, Central and South

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America two. That rough estimate has purposely been kept low. One can easily imagine occasions arising when the Holy Father might wish to raise to the Sacred College great Prelates in addition to the average suggested, amounting to thirty-three. There might at some moment be one in Australasia, for instance, in addition to Ireland, England and Canada; the growth of Catholicism in the United States and the great work done there for the Church might well produce more than three Bishops worthy of the Purple (Pope Pius XI has brought the number up to four); South America is almost an "unknown country" in the Sacred College; there are minor countries, Switzerland, Holland, for instance, where a great Prelate might arise. Thirty-three certainly seems a minimum as things stand, and the Church grows mightily.

That leaves thirty-seven, if we take the plenum, thirty-three or less if we take the average, for Curia, for the work of administration of this mightily growing Church in Rome. And of late years this work has increased in greater proportion than the growth of the Church itself in the world. To the increased work of the Congregations proportionate to that actual growth there has been added that arising from the remarkable increase of diplomatic and religio-diplomatic representation and from the territorial changes resulting from the war. Further, in considering the number of Cardinals in Curia, it must be remembered that several of Their Eminences may be prevented by age or ill-health from taking their full share of the work, which thus falls in oppressive measure on the shoulders of a few. Before the 1911 Consistory, which added eight Cardinals to Curia, the work had actually become too heavy for the working members. At the present moment two of the Curia Cardinals are over eighty; Cardinal Vannutelli is eighty-eight (though the years seem to make little difference to him), Cardinal Cagliero is eighty-six; and of the twelve Cardinals in the seventies four are seventy-nine, three seventy-eight.

Presuming, then, with particular regard to the proportion of Italian and non-Italian Cardinals in the Sacred Col-

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lege as part of the general problem of "Internationalization," (1) that the rough average suggested above of the number and proportion for different countries of Cardinals in residential sees is not likely to be modified to any notable extent in the immediate future, and (2) that a larger proportion of non-Italian Cardinals in Curia would be to the advantage of Holy Church, one of two things must happen. Either some alteration must be introduced by the Holy Father into Canon 231, which establishes the plenum of seventy, six Cardinal Bishops, fifty Priests, and fourteen Deacons, in the Sacred College, or in the number of Cardinals in Curia, averaging thirty-three, many Italians must be replaced by non-Italians. But really it makes little difference whether the result is to be obtained by one process or the other. Let us examine.

Among Curia Cardinals there are, and it is to be expected there always will be, a few who may be classified as "Learned" (Cardinals Billot and Gasquet are instances), and a few transferred here from pastoral service; but these two categories are never likely to form more than a small proportion, the bulk consisting of Prelates who have spent most of their working lives in Curia; of eleven of the present number, it may be said that practically all their working lives have been thus spent. They have passed through what is called here *carriera*. "Career" is not a fair translation if it suggests that the young ecclesiastic deliberately envisages work in Curia rather than strictly pastoral work. Rather, it so happens that some newly ordained priests are seen to have qualities which fit them for positions here, and their superiors direct them along the road which begins with practically secretarial work, private or in one of the Sacred Congregations or offices, towards the position of Prelate and possibly later Cardinal in Curia. In the course of it there may be time for higher study, even, in the case of Mgr. Della Chiesa, Pope Benedict XV, for instance, for pastoral work. In any case they have taken their places in the great fabric of the central direction of the Church.

You may hear this daily life of *carriera*—to use the

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handy word—of the young or youngish priest in Rome described as: Mass, breakfast (the Roman ecclesiastical breakfast of a cup of black coffee and perhaps a bit of bread), attendance at the Congregation or wherever the work may be, dinner, attendance at work again, a walk up the Corso Vittorio Emanuele perhaps extended to the Via Nazionale, a visit to a church, perhaps for the Forty Hours' devotion, in Lent to a Station, home to a light supper, and some reading in an unwarmed house. That picture must not now be taken as literally true, but there is enough truth in it to suggest that it is not such a life as is envisaged by, say, an English-speaking aspirant to God's service. Nor, again, it has to be confessed, does the remuneration seem adequate to the qualities which candidates for even the humblest posts in Curia have to show. This in itself is a big problem—for he who works for God here must live and should be able to live in decent comfort—to the solution of which much serious thought is being given now.

Let us set down, then, a problem: (1) The administration of the Church is prevalently Roman; while (2) it must always be "Roman" in the sense and spirit outlined above, (3) admixture of a larger non-Roman element would be advantageous. And let us consider: (1) Sudden addition of a considerable non-Roman element. This, as things stand, is hardly possible; some time for acclimatization, for acquiring, not only the "Roman" spirit, but the knowledge necessary to work here, is required, and those abroad who have these qualifications are probably at present too valuable to be spared. (2) The adoption of the *carriera* by young non-Roman ecclesiastics. This may well be possible, but for the moment to a very limited extent—at least as far as English ecclesiastics are concerned. For the moment there are obstacles, firstly in the dearth of priests at home where every single one is wanted, secondly in existing conditions here in which English ecclesiastics would find it difficult to live, thirdly in the desire of all as they finish their course to work for souls in the field of work they know, the mission. There is no obstacle placed

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to the entry of the non-Roman into work here. One of the items in Pius X's Reform of the Roman Curia was the specific opening of all positions in it to the world.

Time, then, seems to be necessary. In time the above difficulties will disappear. As numbers grow a proportion will be available for work in Rome; as knowledge and love of Rome grow, inclination to work here will increase; as conditions improve here—and they are improving, new ideas are entering, if slowly—permanent life and work in the centre of the administration of the Church will hold out greater appeal.

This process has been going on, slowly indeed but steadily. If, to take English-speaking countries alone, you look through the *Annuario*, you will be cheered to note the names and items indicating the place they now hold and the share they are now taking in the work of Holy Church. And this has been growing side by side with the generally widening outlook of Curia. Of the thirty Curia Cardinals, for instance, no less than eighteen, the six non-Italians and twelve others, have experience abroad. Four speak English and have knowledge of English-speaking countries, two of these absolutely first-class knowledge. And as time goes on, it is evident from the progress already made and from a glance at the map of the world, the proportion will continue to increase. The same process is seen in other departments, in Consultors of Congregations resident here, in the world of Religious Orders, the heads of three of which, Calced Carmelites, Redemptorists and Oblates of Mary, are at the moment English-speaking, in the number of other permanent residents, from Diplomats and Heads of Colleges and Institutions downwards. In the same measure there is steady and noticeable increase of understanding and appreciation here of things outside Rome, dwindling in the number of those who "cannot see across the Ponte Molle." Among British people, however, it must be confessed, despite the satisfactory number of names which, as has been noted, may be culled, what may be called corporate, national life, seen among the Germans here, among the French at St.

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Louis des Français, the Americans now at Sta Susanna, is less now than it used to be.

There are many things, it may justly be said, things of management and organization in particular, that the Roman does not do so well as some other people. There is room for the brain trained to the exigencies of the day, for the knowledge of the language spoken in all far-off lands, even for the roll-top desk and the card index. The Vatican takes some time to digest things, its adaptation is no matter of a moment, but if you give it time it adapts itself well in the end. Note how far more suitably than in many other places the old material Vatican has adapted itself to receive such things as central heating and electric light. As an Institution it is ancient, it is vast, and, it must be confessed, it is slow—which has sometimes been seen to be an advantage even if momentarily annoying. It absorbs things. There are signs that, as Institution, it has been absorbing and would willingly go on absorbing in even greater measure the idea of Internationalization on which these notes are based, but, from its very nature, the whole fabric of Rome, of however many and varied elements it is composed, will be and always must be “Roman.”

L. J. S. WOOD.

GREEK MONKS IN SOUTHERN ITALY

IN the East there are monks, but no Religious Orders. The Greek monks who were called Basilians by the Normans in Italy, called themselves simply "monks," or "hermits." St. Basil was not the founder of a Religious Order, but the leader and guide of ascetics, and his *Constitutiones Asceticae* are rather counsels for those already vowed to the ascetic life than a Rule to whose observance they must pledge themselves. But without St. Basil, the mighty impulse which in the second and third centuries had peopled the deserts with anchorites might have wasted itself in exaggerated and purposeless acts of asceticism. The greatness of his achievement lies in this, that he was able to seize and harness a strong spiritual force without diminishing its activity or depressing its vitality. That same spirit of monasticism which had produced an Anthony and a Pachomias produced also a Basil; and, under his guidance, it set in motion works of charity and mercy; raised up hospitals and schools; sent pilgrims flocking to the holy places; drew men to the study of theology with a zeal that has never been equalled; filled not only Africa and Syria, but the whole of Southern Europe, with a new art; gave birth to a literature which in dramatic and lyrical power was worthy of its mighty ancestors; formed a liturgy sublime as prayer and noble as literature; and, planting its monasteries, lauras and cells by thousands and its monks by hundreds of thousands throughout Italy, exercised on her religious life an influence which is felt all over Europe to this day.

In the East, the monastic life has been from the first an integral part of Christianity; in the West, it came later with the force of a new revelation. St. Jerome, perhaps, first planted it in Rome in the houses of his patrician friends. To the shores of Southern France it was carried by St. Honorat and St. Cassian, who brought back from the East

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the tradition of the threefold monastic life which was practised in the abbey of Lerins and in the monasteries of Marseilles and Arles.

But before St. Basil, even before Constantine, there were houses of monks and nuns in Byzantium. We know of one convent which existed in the middle of the third century. It was on the Hill of Petron, and had been founded by Castinus in the year A.D. 240. No sooner had Byzantium become Constantinople than monasteries began to spring up. They took the place of heathen temples, especially of the shrines of Aesculapius, and the people were bidden by the Emperor to have recourse for healing to the saint in whose name they were dedicated. St. Michael himself is said to have appeared to the Emperor, who in his honour built the Michacleion, a great monastery where many miracles of healing were performed by the Archistrategos. To Constantine, to his mother, and to the senators, philosophers and great ladies of Byzantium, the city owed fifteen great religious houses of men and women.

When Justinian became Emperor in 518 there were already fifty-four monasteries in the city, and under his rule there was a great increase in their number, not only in Constantinople, but in Egypt, Syria, Palestine, and even in the far-off peninsula of Sinai. The Emperor was a theologian and a poet, a churchman and a statesman. A peasant by birth, he was the last great Emperor of Rome, and he reconquered Syria and the East. Under the new impulse given by him to the monastic life, hermits found their way to Thessaly, the Levant, the slopes of Mount Etna, and the mountains of what had been Magna Gracia. They had had predecessors in the third and fourth centuries. We hear of a hermit, Philip of Aegira, who took up his abode in a cave beneath the volcano of Etna in order to make war on the demons who inhabited it. According to tradition, St. Patricia, a relative of Constantine, who came to Naples and made for herself and her companions a monastic cell in the Castel Uovo, found already two companies of Greek monks in the city whose houses were dedicated to St.

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Sebastian and to SS. Nicander and Marcianus. In Rome itself the first real monastic adventure had been that of St. Jerome, who at the end of the fourth century came fresh from the desert of Chalcis and preached the ascetic life with so much vigour that noble ladies, patricians and senators turned their houses into convents. Jerome's followers also studied Greek, and his introduction into Roman thought of Eastern mystical and dogmatic theology prepared the way, and laid a solid foundation for the flood of Greek influence which was shortly to pour into Rome.

Under the Byzantine rule, Byzantine officials built and endowed monasteries, and hither came monks and ecclesiastics fleeing before the persecutions of the great Heresiarchs Arian, Monophysite, Monothelite and Iconoclastic, to seek the protection of the See which had never failed to keep the Faith. From Alexandria came St. Athanasius and Peter his successor in the See, with many in their train. Through the gate of Byzantium came not only Greeks, but Syrians, Persians, and dwellers in Mesopotamia; not only monks and philosophers, but artists, craftsmen and merchants. And from them all Rome heard of the fame and sanctity of Eastern monks. Theodoret says that so great was the reverence of the Romans for St. Simeon of Liscia that in all the workshops they put up little statues to him that they might obtain his help and protection. Even St. Gregory refused to accept the homage of John of Persia, but himself knelt at his feet. St. Gregory himself tells the story of a certain Isaac, a monk of Syria, who established himself in a desert place near Spoleto and refused all the offers of the wealthy people of the town to build him a monastery. "A monk," he said, "who seeks possessions in this world is no monk." John Moscus, a hermit of the monastery of St. Saba in Palestine, travelled to Rome through Antioch and Alexandria and the deserts of Egypt and established himself there at the end of the seventh century. It was in Rome that he wrote his *Lives of the Fathers*, many of them anchorites and ascetics of the desert.

The chapel of the Portiuncula owes its origin to four

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Eastern monks who, in 513, came and built the chapel which they called St. Mary of Josaphat from the relic which they brought from the Valley of Josaphat. By the middle of the seventh century the number of Eastern monks in Italy must have been considerable. Hostels (*xenodochia*) were established for Eastern pilgrims in Ravenna as well as in Rome, where Belisarius built one in the Via Lata. There were three others according to the *Liber Pontificalis*, but their site is unknown.

At the Council held at the Lateran, in 649, against the Monothelites, many abbots, monks and priests of the Greeks presented themselves and, making a profession of faith, demanded a share in the Council as having lived in Rome for a long time. The Articles of the Council were translated into Greek at their request, and four of their abbots were chosen to represent them. These were: John of the monastery of St. Saba on the Aventine; Theodore, the abbot of an African Laura; Thalassius, the abbot of the Armenians in Rome; and Gregory, abbot of the monastery "qui ponitur in aquis salviis."^{*} The proceedings of the Council were signed by five Greek abbots, five priests, ten deacons and seventeen monks. So considerable was the number of Oriental monks in Rome at this time, that Mansi speaks of them as formed into a federation. Martin I sent to the Church of Carthage a letter setting forth the acts of the Sixth Latin Council by Theodorus and Leontinus, "religiosos monachos sanctae Laurae." There was a Greek monastery known as the Domus Arsica and another called the Domus Boetiana, which afterwards became a refuge for Nestorian heretics and was dispersed by Pope Donus.

Gregory the Great is said to have established Greek monks on the Caelian, possibly in the monastery of St. Erasmus, one of the earliest of the Greek monasteries of Rome. It was also called the Domus Valerii, and probably occupied the site of the house of Valerius. Tradition says that Valerius, who is known to have lost his sons at an

* The present monastery of the Tre Fontane is as nearly as possible on the site of this monastery.

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early age, turned his house into a xenodochium tended by Greek monks. It was a large and important monastery when Gregory, afterwards Bishop of Agrigentum, came to Rome and gave himself up to the Religious life in the Laura of the monastery of St. Saba in the Aventine. The fame of his sanctity spread and reached the ears of the Pontiff, who wished to make him Bishop of the See of Agrigentum. He fled to the monastery of St. Erasmus and hid in the garden, where he was found and his election declared. Morelli, who published the Life of St. Gregory, gives 590 as the date of his election to the bishopric, but Luca di Brolo, the ecclesiastical historian of Sicily, considers that the story relates to the second Bishop Gregory of Agrigentum, who lived in the seventh century. However, since according to the chronicle of Subiaco the monks of Subiaco took refuge here from 601 to 705, when their monastery was destroyed by the Saracens, the monastery of St. Erasmus must have been a large and well-established one at the beginning of the seventh century. Now every trace of it has disappeared.

There were many other monasteries of Greeks in Rome whose very memory has passed away. Of others, the names alone remain. We know of the monasteries of St. Euplo; of St. Basil, which was close to the Arca Pantini on the site of the temple of Mars Ultor; of St. Anastasius ad Acquas Selvias; of St. Stephen and Cassian mentioned in the Liber Pontificalis; of St. Euphemia and the Archangel which stood where the Via S. Pudenziana joins the Quattro Fontane. There were two monasteries in the Palatine, one over the church now known as Sta Maria Antiqua, once the library of Augustus. The church was probably the chapel of the Greek monastery before John VII beautified and adorned it and attached to it an *episcopium*, where he lived and died. This monastery probably existed from very early times. Later, it became a diaconate for the relief of Orientals, and was probably connected with a xenodochium. St. Gregory speaks of the xenodochium "de Via Nova," probably the road which led from the Palatine to the Velabrum. In the Life of St. Leo

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is mentioned a xenodochium "qui appellatur turchium cum oratorio sanct. Cosmo et Domiano." This oratory may have been in the right nave of the church, in which frescoes of the saints are still to be seen.

Of the monastery and church of St. Cesario in Palatino, which were long hidden by the amazing monstrosities of the Villa Mills, Professor Bartoli has finally established the site. The church was the domestic chapel of the Imperial Palace, which took the place in Christian times of the Lararium of the Roman emperors. It became the official chapel of the Byzantine officials. When for the sovereignty of the Byzantine emperors was substituted that of the Pope, the chapel and the house of Augustus, of which it was part, fell into his hands. In the eighth century, we find that the house of Augustus has become a Greek monastery. Pope Damasus is said to have placed in the oratory of St. Cesario the relics of the martyr brought from Terracina. It was in the Middle Ages one of the twenty privileged abbeys of Rome. Here Pope Sergius was elected in 687. Here St. Saba died on his last journey to Rome from Amalfi. The conclave for the election of Eugenius III was held here, and the newly-elected Pope left this monastery for the Lateran. St. Cesario remained a Greek monastery till at least 1157.

From the earliest times St. Cesario was closely connected with the Greek church and monastery of SS. Cosmo and Damian on the other side of the Sacred Way built over the temple of the Little Romulus, and with the parish church of the Greeks, St. Anastasia, also served by Greek monks, which was of so great importance in the liturgical life of the Church. It was here that the Station Cross was kept, and here that, on the first day of Lent, Pope and Cardinals assembled and formed the procession to Sta Sabina, where the Station Mass was said.

Thus we have in the very heart of official Rome a three-fold Greek religious settlement with cloister, diaconate and church, not extraneous to, but in the very centre of, the religious life of the city, until the twelfth century. The Aventine, the Greek quarter of Rome in Imperial times,

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became under Byzantine rule another Byzantium by the Tiber, with its colony of Byzantine traders, craftsmen, artists, musicians and scholars, all clustered around the churches of Sta Maria in Cosmodin, which was also a monastery and diaconate; of Sta Sabina, built close by the ruins of the temple of the Assyrian god Jupiter Dolichinus, on whose site the Syrian monk Peter had settled with his companions; and of St. Saba founded by monks from Palestine. There was still a Laura here in the seventh century. But it was not on the Aventine alone that early Greek monasteries were found. In Trastevere there were the monasteries of Sta Maria in Trastevere, of St. Crisogono, of SS. Cosmo and Damian and of the Santi Quaranta. In the Campo Marzio there was a convent of Greek nuns, who in the time of the Iconoclasts came to Rome, bringing with them a sacred picture of our Lady and the body of St. Gregory Nazianzen. It was called the convent of St. Mary and St. Gregory.

At the sixth Oecumenical Council the representative of Byzantine Italy was a priest and monk of the Renati of Rome. This monastery of Sta Lucia dei Reinati (or Serenati) is mentioned in St. Gregory's dialogues. It was still a Greek monastery in the seventh century. Near the pyramid of Cystus was the monastery of St. Euplo, probably connected with the xenodochium. On the Appian Way we have another monastery of St. Cesario, to which belonged the chapel of the Archangel, popularly known as the chapel of the Sette Dormienti. This chapel must have been most beautifully decorated, probably by the monks of St. Cesario, with Byzantine figures. It is on the Rospigliosi property, and has been put to uses so vile (it is now a hen-house!) that every trace of the golden and coloured decoration, which is described by the French archaeologist D'Agincourt, has entirely disappeared. De Rossi took photographs of what was left in his time, and Armellini wrote a brochure full of lamentation over the disappearance of so important a monument of ancient Byzantine art. Two years ago all that could be discerned were faint traces of gold beneath the accumulated filth on the walls of what

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was once the apse of the chapel. On the Latin Way was the Eastern monastery of St. Menas with its hospital for pilgrims. Close to St. Lorenzo fuori le mure was the monastery of St. Stephen and Cassian. On the site of the present Post Office the rich and important Greek monastery was established in his own house by Paul I, who placed there the famous relics of St. Dionysius which he brought from Paris. He made a cemetery for the reception of the bodies of saints and martyrs from the catacombs of Rome which were falling into ruin. This by no means exhausts the list of the Greek monasteries and churches of Rome. During the Byzantine occupation and after the time of the Iconoclast persecution their number must have considerably increased.

In Ravenna there were no monks but Greeks until the eighth century. In Naples their number was probably greater than in Rome; but such was the confusion in which the ecclesiastical history of the city is involved that it is extremely hard to trace them. This difficulty extends to the whole of that which was afterwards the Kingdom of Naples. St. Gregory writes of the monastery of St. Erasmus Maximus and Julius, of the monastery of the Holy Archangel, "*Quod Macharis dicitur.*" He speaks also of a monastery dedicated to St. Hermes, St. Sebastian and St. Cyriac, all saints of the Greek Calendar. Franciscus de Magistris says that, after Naples was under the Greek rule, there were many churches dedicated to Greek saints and served by the Greek monks; that there were both Greek and Latin Bishops, and that the litanies at the processions were sung alternately in Greek and Latin.

Greek monasteries were to be found in all the towns and cities of Southern Italy and Sicily. Their number has been very variously estimated. Lubin gives forty in Messina, eight in Squillace, three in Otranto, eleven in Melito, five in Tarantum, and thirteen in Naples, besides those in the smaller towns. His list comprises about two hundred. But the oldest and most important monasteries were not in the towns. They were in the high valleys of the Calabrian Mountains, in what are now the wilds of the Basili-

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cata, on the sea coast, on the heights above the Adriatic or in the hills above Amalfi. Rodota thinks that there were, in the Kingdom of Naples alone, a thousand of these monasteries and monastic Lauras beside anchorites' cells. They continued to exist under the Normans. Some, like Sta Maria of Rossano, St. Salvatore of Messina, and St. Elias of Carbone were much enriched by the Norman kings who, revering them for the learning and piety of their monks, included them among the Religious Orders of Italy under the name of Basiliani.

Long after the Byzantine rule was a thing of the past, the influence of the Greek monks remained. It remained to-day. We can trace it in much of the mystical and speculative theology of the Middle Ages, in the allegorical interpretation of Holy Scripture dear to the mediaeval mind; above all, in the sacred legendary lore of the Middle Ages.

It is the custom to attribute many of the Eastern legends which we find in the *Legenda Arrea* and in other story collections of the Middle Ages, notably the *Exempla of the Order of Preachers*, to the Crusaders. But many were known in Europe long before the crusades. The Roman legends of St. Alessio and St. Boniface were among the earliest. The world-famous Christian version of the Life of the Buddha, known as *Barlam and Josaphat*, learned from Persians by the monks of St. Saba in Jerusalem, was brought to Rome and told in Greek by one of them, very probably by John the Abbot of St. Saba in Rome, who was present at the sixth Lateran Council.

The monasteries of Greeks, moreover, did not cease to exist without leaving their impression on the various Religious Orders which arose in Italy from the twelfth century onwards. They were more universal in their scope than any Western Orders have ever been. In Italy, Greek monks had been the first brothers of charity. No Franciscan ever ministered with more devotion to the poor and forsaken than they. People deprived of home and livelihood by the Saracen invasions owed not only new homes but their very life to them. It was under their care that

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burned villages were rebuilt and ravaged lands recultivated. They tended hospitals and taught the young. They were vowed to Poverty and to Love. It was in their ruined and deserted cells and monasteries that the first Franciscans established themselves. But they were also scholars. When the land became quiet, the Greek monasteries in Italy became centres of learning. The library of St. Elias of Carbone and the Paleographical School of Rossano were famous all over Europe.

The Carthusians had their birth in the South of France, where St. Honorat and Cassian had planted Eastern tradition. One of their priors, Blessed John of Spain, who founded the Chartreuse de Reposoir, was trained in the Religious life in his youth by a Basilian monk at Arles. The Benedictines are the direct descendants of the Basilians in learning and in liturgy. St. Benedict expressly says that the Rule of St. Basil is the foundation of his own. But it is in its Literature and its Art that the West owes most to the East.

In the East, Christianity had created a new Art and a new Literature, which was born and developed in the monasteries of Constantinople and spread all over the world by Greek monks.

Byzantine art was not only connected with, but under the same discipline as, the monks. The second Council of Nicea laid down that the images of the Fathers are not to be painted according to the fancy of the artist but according to the laws and traditions approved of by the Catholic Church. "For so the Holy Basil teaches." It is for the painter to execute and for the Fathers to order and regulate. The *Painter's Guide*, written by the Monk Dionysius in 1458, formulates rules which had been followed for centuries before his time, for the representation of our Lord, the Blessed Virgin, and the saints, on the same lines in which they are to be found in the frescoes and mosaics of the fourth century. The whole representation is symbolic; the paintings are expressive of dogmatic truth, and are no more subject to variation than is the Symbol of the Faith. Byzantine art is therefore the result of artistic genius work-

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ing under monastic discipline. This is what makes it not only unique as an artistic expression, but a complete reversal of everything which since the time of the Renaissance we have understood by Art. The cultus, therefore, of the saints is in the East very closely allied with Art, and the representation of them was a matter for the discretion of the theologian, because the veneration of the saints was an essential part of the Greek liturgy. The Iconostasis is as necessary in the Greek Church as the Cross. This intense veneration for the saints the Eastern monks brought to Italy along with many of their relics. The cultus of many saints now popular in the West began in the East—*i.e.*, the Archangels Michael and Gabriel, St. George, St. Chrysostom, and St. Anastasia. The famous shrine of St. Michael of Monte Gargano was established by Eastern monks, and had been the goal of Eastern pilgrims long before the Normans introduced it to Western devotions.

The most lasting effects of the long residence of Eastern monks in the West are to be found in the liturgy. The effects of Byzantine art lingered long but finally disappeared. But the Western Church still honours the Eastern saint, keeps his feast, and sings his tropaia. From the East came into the Western liturgy the Feast of the Epiphany—the Theophania, as it is called in the Liber Pontificalis. The Feast of Simeon, “quod hypapaten Graci appellant,” which was celebrated first in Constantinople under Justian, was introduced into Rome by the Greek Pope Sergius. To the Greeks we owe also the Feasts of the “Falling Asleep of the Virgin”* and the Exaltation of the Holy Cross. In truth, the East seems to have had a reputation for introducing new things, so much so that Pope Vitalis, in sending to England Theodore of Tarsus who had long been connected with the Greek monasteries in Rome, engaged him not to introduce novelties “after the manner of the Greeks.”

The Divine Office itself began in the East. The first mention of it in Rome in the Liber Pontificalis is in a passage which Duchesne, however, believes to be an inter-

* The earlier name of the Feast of the Assumption.

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polation. Pope Damassus "constituit ut Psalmi die noctuque canentur per omnes ecclesias." This passage, Duchesne thinks, owes its origin to the letter of St. Jerome written to the Pope, in which he urges "that the voice of psalmody should rise day and night in thy city of Rome." The Office does not seem to have been introduced by authority until the time of Pope Celestin. Then for the first time we find that before the Mass of the faithful psalms were sung by two choirs, and the whole psalter was recited in the week. This, however, would not seem to have been the psalmody for which St. Jerome wished when he asked that the "voice of psalmody should rise day and night." Doubtless it was the perpetual psalmody of the Greek monasteries to which his thoughts were turned, that same psalmody which was later introduced by Greeks into the monasteries which they had built or adorned.

GERTRUDE ROBINSON.

SOME DUKES AND PRE-LATES OF LORRAINE

ONE of the consequences of the great war has been the, at any rate temporary, eclipse of a number of dynastic families. To name but a few of them, Europe no longer knows a King of Prussia, of Saxony, of Wurtemburg, or of Bavaria, and what is of much greater interest from a genealogical point of view there is no longer an Emperor of Austria or a King of Hungary: more interesting because the Emperor-King was the chief of the oldest reigning house in Europe. He and his family are commonly spoken of as Habsburgs; but they only belonged to the Habsburg family in the sense that any one of us belongs to the family of one of his numerous great-great-great-grandmothers. They belonged to the house of Lorraine and descended in direct and unbroken male line from that Gerard of Alsace, who in the middle of the eleventh century, some eighteen years before the Battle of Hastings, succeeded his brother Albert as Duke of Lorraine, that brother having been given the fief a year or so before by the Emperor Henry III.

Not only did the last Emperor of Austria represent Duke Gerard by direct male descent, but more, for close upon seven hundred years his family governed Lorraine; and of the twenty-eight dukes only one was a woman. This was Isabel, daughter of Duke Charles I or II, according to different modes of reckoning, who married René of Anjou, Duke of Bar, and by the will of her father succeeded him on the throne. Her succession, it is true, led to civil war, but things were patched up on the understanding that her daughter Yolande should marry her second cousin, Anthony of Vaudemont, and so bring the throne back to the male line. The chief interest, however, to us of this episode in the story of Lorraine is that the dispute as to the succession was brought to an end by the joint efforts of France and England, and whilst one result was the mar-

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riage of the two cousins, another was the marriage of Isabel's second daughter, Margaret, to our King Henry VI; and here it is not uninteresting to note that a great-granddaughter of Anthony and Yolande, at the same time a great-great-niece of Queen Margaret—that is, Mary, daughter of Claude, Duke of Guise, himself son of a Duke of Lorraine—married James V of Scotland, and by him became the mother of Mary Queen of Scots.

From the middle of the sixteenth century it must have been fairly obvious that by fair means or foul France would eventually become possessed of the duchy, and early in the seventeenth century she made a determined effort to bring this about. As will be seen, she was frustrated in a remarkable manner, so remarkable that it is undoubtedly unique in history, for the obstacles to be removed appeared insurmountable from an ecclesiastical point of view. In spite of wars and horrors the old line held on till 1738, when at the instance of France the Duchy of Lorraine was exchanged for the Grand-Duchy of Tuscany, the last of the Medici having died shortly before. The reason for France's action was the fact that Duke Francis III had become betrothed to Maria Theresa of Austria, and France could not face the prospect of a reunion of Lorraine with the Empire. The marriage with Maria Theresa took place, and for a hundred and eighty years the family of Lorraine provided chiefs, first for the Holy Roman Empire and then, upon its extinction, for the Empire of Austria, and when Austria, too, went, there is no small probability that it might have continued to hold the crown of St. Stephen but for the opposition of France. Rumour is proverbially a lying jade, and in this case, too, she may be playing her old tricks, but there is reason for thinking that for a change she may have told the truth.

It has just been suggested that the middle of the sixteenth century must be taken as the starting-point of the troubles of Lorraine, and this needs explanation. The Duchy of Lorraine was some hundred and twenty miles long by a hundred broad, having an area that is rather under twice that of Yorkshire. But the whole of this

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territory was not subject to the duke: there were a number of principalities immediately subject to the Empire—four of some size, others small. The chief of these—the four larger ones—were the three bishoprics of Metz, Toul, and Verdun, and the abbey of Remiremont. Of the three bishoprics, the lands of one were an enclave, and those of another ran, like a deep gulf, into the ducal territory. From the end of the tenth century these bishoprics had been immediately subject to the Emperor, and so it came about that in the middle of the sixteenth, when France espoused the cause of the Protestant states of Germany, she seized these outlying principalities. This happened in 1552. Having seized them she humorously declared that she held them as the Emperor's Vicar! Once taken into French hands, however, they were never restored, though they were only juridically accepted as French territory by the Treaty of Westphalia a century later.

The fourth of the ecclesiastical principalities, the abbey of Remiremont, was a remarkable institution, one of a class which is now extinct. It was founded in the early years of the seventh century on the top of Mount Habend for a community of nuns, who may at first have followed the rule of St. Columban; but, if so, before long they exchanged it for that of St. Benedict. Three centuries after its foundation this community was obliged by savage invaders to leave its home: it then found another in the village of Remiremont. Their new church was consecrated by the Pope St. Leo IX, one of those present being Lanfranc, Abbot of Bec, who a few years later became Archbishop of Canterbury. At the same time St. Leo exempted the abbey from the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Toul, declaring it to be immediately subject to the Holy See. This was followed a few years later by exemption in temporal matters from the jurisdiction of the duke, a charter being granted by the Emperor making the abbey immediately subject to himself; and before the end of the thirteenth century the abbess was a princess of the Holy Roman Empire, invested with all the attributes of sovereignty. The abbess was indeed a great personage; her

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stall in the choir was surmounted by a canopy of red velvet fringed with gold, and before it stood a golden crosier, which in processions was borne by her seneschal. She had a royal household; when she dined she sat under a canopy; and when she drove she was invariably attended by some of her community and by an escort, and her coach was drawn by six horses. On State occasions she wore a royal train, and on some of them a naked sword was borne before her. Such, at least, was her mode of life in the sixteenth century.

With the increasing splendour of the abbey, observance naturally fell off. In course of time, with the exception of the abbess, who always remained a Benedictine, taking the vow on election, the members of the community ceased to be nuns and became secular canonesses, having complete liberty to leave at any time. There were seventy-nine prebends in the church, but several might be held by one person; the number of canonesses, however, never fell below forty. Only members of the noblest families were eligible for election. At the end of the fourteenth century they procured a bull from the Spanish Anti-Pope Benedict XIII, Peter de Luna, prohibiting the election of any candidate who could not prove her eight quarters—that is, that her four great-grandfathers and her four great-grandmothers were all of noble birth. This did not suffice. Later on it became necessary for an aspirant to a stall to prove her sixteen quarters; and this was the rule at Remiremont and in the other noble chapters of Lorraine till 1735. Then the requirements became more severe, and at Remiremont sixty-four quarters were demanded—that is, an aspirant had to prove the nobility of her thirty-two great-great-grandfathers and her thirty-two great-great-grandmothers, the male forebears in the paternal line being of the highest nobility—a test which the daughters of some sovereigns could not have survived.

An exact date cannot be fixed for the abandonment of the monastic rule, but it was certainly complete before the beginning of the fourteenth century; though the chapter was described as Benedictine, and the Benedictine habit was worn till the end of the sixteenth, and, as already has been

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said, the abbess was a professed Benedictine to the end. The seventy-fourth and last of the abbesses, Louise Adélaïde de Bourbon-Condé, fled to England at the outbreak of the revolution, and stayed with the Benedictine community now established at Princethorpe till she was able to return to France.

It could hardly be expected that the dukes of Lorraine should regard such an institution with any great favour. The case of episcopal princelings was quite another matter: they could enforce their rights by excommunication, and in the Middle Ages excommunications were scattered about freely enough for but little cause—an English bishop, for example, fulminated excommunication against poachers of his salmon! But a woman should be fair game. The dukes were ex-officio protectors of the abbey; not content with this honourable function they, perhaps not unnaturally, wished to become its lords. But at the end of the eleventh century, when the first attempts were made, the abbey chanced to be ruled by a strong abbess, Gisela III, who proved herself competent to deal with all efforts made to infringe its rights, whether made by the Bishop of Toul on the one hand, or by the Duke of Lorraine on the other. She could not, it is true, excommunicate the duke, but she was directly subject to the Pope, and to him she went, the result being that the duke was threatened with excommunication and the duchy with an interdict if the rights of the abbey were infringed. This stayed the dispute for the time being, but it broke out again and again, and was not finally settled till the beginning of the fourteenth century. In 1312 the then duke, Frederick IV, took an oath of loyalty to the abbess, and for two hundred and fifty years each of his successors was required to do the same. Thrice the duke, as protector or avoué, was bound to take this oath kneeling before the abbess, once at the entrance to the town, again at the town-hall, and a third time upon the relics of Saint Romaric in the abbey church. So things went on till the middle of the sixteenth century, when there were great political changes in Lorraine. In 1543 the Emperor,

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Charles V, recognized it as an independent duchy; in 1552 the three bishoprics were seized by France; in 1564 the then duke, Charles II (III), swore on his honour as a gentleman that he would annex the abbey, regardless of the fact that the regents of the duchy during his minority had taken the usual oath of loyalty. Then, again, it chanced that the abbess was a strong woman, one that did not yield easily to princely encroachments. Scenting the coming attack she obtained from the Emperor a confirmation of the abbey privileges and posted copies of the Imperial Charter all over the town. The duke thereupon sent his marshal to coerce the canonesses and that worthy, John of Salm, first threatened to burn them in their stalls, and then, this threat proving abortive, summoned the common executioner to Remiremont, and gave the unfortunate ladies to understand that if they persisted in their refusal to recognize the duke as their suzerain, they would be dealt with by that duke's unsavoury official. That argument prevailed; Remiremont became a fief of Lorraine; and then, what was little better than adding insult to injury, this chivalrous duke took the customary oath, swearing that he would respect the rights of the abbey. And here, it may be added, that a daughter of this same duke became in due course Abbess of Remiremont, and proved herself to be quite worthy to rank with the more distinguished of her predecessors. In 1638 Marshal Turenne was crossing the duchy and determined to take Remiremont *en route*. There were only thirty soldiers in the place when, two days after the assault began, a breach was made in the walls. The abbess, her canonesses, and the women of the place repaired the breach. Another was made. Abbess Catherine, nothing daunted, not only beat off a couple of assaults but took prisoner a couple of score of men who were trying to get in the town by way of a sewer. Help came, and, having wasted six days on the siege, the great Turenne retired, worsted by the pluck and energy of a handful of canonesses.

Chapters such as that of Remiremont were fairly numerous in Germany, France, and Lorraine; some had

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high distinctions, but none could approach Remiremont in splendour or importance. In Lorraine there were three others—those of Epinal, Poussay, and Bouxières-aux-Dames; and one of these, Poussay, played an important part in the foundation of the celebrated Lotharingian congregation of canonesses-regular of Notre Dame.

This congregation was founded at the extreme end of the sixteenth century by St Peter Fourier, undoubtedly the greatest man of his time in Lorraine, then a canon-regular of the abbey of Chaumouzey and parish priest of a village called Mattaincourt, where, as elsewhere, he worked wonders by his apostolic labours. He soon found that if any lasting good was to be done it would be by getting hold of the children when they were little more than infants. For this purpose he founded his congregation of canonesses. Five young women offered themselves for the work. Before final acceptance he sent them for a period of training to the canonesses of Poussay, and no higher testimonial to the merits of those ladies could have been given. Their time of probation having been satisfactorily passed, the young women were recalled to Mattaincourt, where they lived together and taught the poor children of the parish. Other houses were in time established at St. Mihiel, at Nancy, and at Chalons in France. There were difficulties in the way of this new institute being made a religious order, the chief one being the maintenance of enclosure at the same time that externs were admitted for instruction. Pope Paul V got over the difficulty. He prescribed that the schoolroom should have two doors, and that both of them should never be open at the same time: the children came in by one, then their door was locked and that into the cloister was opened; when the time for instruction had come to an end, the nuns retired and their door was locked, then the door to the outer world was opened and the children went their way. It took two years' work in Rome to find a solution of the problem; when found it was a notable event, for it was the first step towards the establishment of the now innumerable communities of women, bound by the vows of religion, work-

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ing in the world, and in popular language known as the "active orders." The canonesses of Notre Dame multiplied exceedingly, and before the death of their founder in 1640 they had thirty-two houses, scattered over Lorraine, France, and Westphalia, and found even in the north of Italy. As time went on, the education given was not confined to the poor : provision was made for the higher classes as well. Paris alone in later times had the two great educational establishments of Les Oiseaux and Le Roule, and the former of these, to which are sent daughters of the greatest French families, is now fixed in Westgate, the Kentish watering place. The present statistics of the order speak for themselves. It has some forty houses, of which three, including Les Oiseaux, are in England, and over 1,500 canonesses who have made their charge more than 16,000 children.

The foundation of a congregation of canonesses might reasonably be regarded as sufficient for one man, but St. Peter Fourier also founded a new congregation of canons regular. Both monks and canons were well represented in Lorraine, and both badly needed reform. The monks were taken in hand by Dom Didier de la Cour, a monk of the abbey of St. Vanne in Verdun, of which he became prior when fifty years of age. He founded the congregation of St. Vanne in Lorraine, which twenty years before the French Revolution possessed forty-nine houses, to which belonged over six hundred monks. The reform of the canons began at a somewhat later date than that of the monks. The Bishop of Toul had been commanded by the Holy See to carry it through, and he enlisted the services of Peter Fourier. The bishop made a visitation of the houses in his diocese, and found that only six canons were desirous of reform. These were brought together and formed the nucleus of a new congregation, that of The Saviour. The first house was at Luneville; within four years there were eight others. St. Peter was elected superior-general, but declined the office. Two years later, after two unanimous elections, he accepted it, and held it till his death in 1640, a period of six years. The canons were not so numerous

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as the monks, but in 1768 the congregation possessed sixteen houses in Lorraine, having between them 162 canons, and another house at Strasburg with seven.

Something must now be said of an episode in the political history of Lorraine in the seventeenth century, one fraught with the gravest danger to the duchy—a danger which was almost certainly averted by the counsel of the “grand citoyen,” to use Lacordaire’s phrase, Peter Fourier, who paid for it by exile for the last years of his life.

To understand the position we must go back to the year 1608, in which Charles II (III) of Lorraine died, leaving two sons, Henry and Francis. Henry succeeded him as duke, and died in 1624, leaving two daughters, Nicolle and Claude. His brother Francis was still living, and so were Francis’s children, Charles, Nicholas Francis, and Margaret of Vaudemont. Charles was married to his cousin Nicolle; Nicholas Francis was a Cardinal and Bishop of Toul.

A question arose as to the succession, one party in the duchy maintaining that the Salic Law prevailed, in which case Francis was the duke; the other that it did not, and that Nicolle was duchess. As a matter of fact, Charles and Nicolle reigned jointly for some months, then Francis, affecting to have scruples of conscience, took possession of the crown. He only held it for a few days, and then, on November 26, 1625, resigned it in favour of his son Charles, who, it may be added, provided against a further access of scruples on the part of his father; or, at least, took care that if it should supervene it should be harmless.

The relations with France were not harmonious. Richelieu was annoyed by the refusal of Duke Charles to act with him against Austria, and instructed the French officials in the three bishoprics to compile a list of all the manors scattered over the duchy which had ever belonged to those bishoprics. This was done, and the cardinal-minister with great effrontery claimed them all, regardless of the fact that some had been bought by one duke or another, and some given in exchange for other estates. Then he suddenly demanded that the duke should do homage for a part of the Duchy of Bar which depended on

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the French Crown. Charles, it must be said, was an extremely foolish person and altogether unreliable. He gave an asylum in Lorraine to persons of position who were inimical to Richelieu, among them being Gaston, Duke of Orleans, and the fascinating Marie de Rohan who, after the death of her first husband the Duke of Luynes, had married Claude, Duke of Chevreuse, one of the Lorraine princes domiciled in France. Her reception in Lorraine widened the breach with the cardinal, whilst the reception of the Duke of Orleans, brother of Louis XIII, was taken by that monarch to be a personal offence; and the offence was heightened by the Duke of Lorraine marrying Gaston to his sister Margaret in spite of all promises to the contrary. It would be wearisome to give the list of Charles's prevarications; and it cannot be wondered at that Richelieu should have determined to take advantage of them. At the end of 1633 the Duke of Lorraine was cited before the Parliament of Paris, which had jurisdiction over him as Duke of Bar. Abdication was the only way of escape, so abdicate he did in favour of his brother. France refused to recognize the latter, and declared in favour of the Princess Claude, whom it was intended to marry to a French prince, and Marshal de la Force was ordered to seize her.

The marriage of Nicholas Francis and Claude was the only course open if Lorraine was not to be forthwith practically annexed to France; and to that marriage there were three impediments: they were first cousins, he was a cardinal, and he was Bishop of Toul. But though bishop, he was only in minor orders; and there were precedents for the dispensation of such from their obligations. But such a dispensation could only be given by the Holy See, and the same was true of a dispensation for first cousins to marry, in, that is, ordinary circumstances, and of permission to resign the cardinalate. The case seemed hopeless: there was no time to make the necessary application to the Holy See, and delay would be fatal. In these circumstances the Cardinal Nicholas Francis asked advice of the prior of the Canons Regular of Luneville, and there can be no reason-

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able doubt that the advice he actually gave was given upon the instruction of St. Peter Fourier. This was believed at the time, and Richelieu exempted the prior from blame on the ground that he had only obeyed his superior.

The point actually put to the prior sounds rather like comic opera. The cardinal asked him whether a bishop could dispense himself from the impediment of consanguinity, and the prior, of course, fully appreciating in what sense his reply would be taken, told him simply that in cases of extreme urgency a bishop could dispense from that impediment. Just before midnight on that same day Nicholas Francis of Vaudemont, Bishop of Toul and cardinal-deacon of the Holy Roman Church, his cousins Nicolle and Claude, the prior and sub-prior of the canons, two ladies and three gentlemen of the Court met together. Though only in minor orders the cardinal-duke had the same jurisdiction over his diocese as had any other bishop over his, and in exercise of that jurisdiction he first of all granted a dispensation from the impediment of consanguinity to himself and the Princess Claude, and then to the prior, as parish priest, he gave all necessary faculties to assist at and bless their marriage. After this he executed a deed of resignation of the bishopric of Toul, and a second deed by which he resigned the cardinalate. All preliminaries having been thus arranged, the duke married his cousin. Next day he despatched the red hat to Rome with letters of explanation, and in due course the steps he had taken were ratified and confirmed by Urban VIII.

La Force, the French commander, was informed as to what had taken place. He thought that the ceremony must have been one of betrothal only, but on going to the palace he found the duke and duchess in circumstances which convinced him that the marriage had really taken place. Richelieu was unwilling to act while he was still in doubt as to whether the duke had actually resigned the hat, but when the news came that he had done so and that his act had been confirmed, he ordered that both duke and duchess should be taken to Paris. But that was not to be: Nicholas Francis and his duchess made a romantic escape

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and reached Burgundy in safety. Eventually they went to Vienna, where the duchess died in 1648. Nicholas Francis then proceeded to holy orders, and in due course became a priest. Ecclesiastical honours were offered him, but he would accept none save the commendatory abbacy of Senones, a house of the congregation of St. Vanne. His son Charles became generalissimo of the imperial forces, and as such saved Vienna from the Turks. But he never ruled over Lorraine : that was reserved for his son Charles Leopold. And Charles Leopold's grandson, Francis, was compelled to resign his throne and take that of Tuscany when he was betrothed to Maria Theresa, Archduchess of Austria and Queen of Hungary. Lorraine then fell to Stanislaus Leczinski, ex-King of Poland, to whose gentle rule it may be due that the Lorrainers forgave and forgot the terrible sufferings inflicted upon their country by Cardinal Richelieu, after he had been outwitted : the miserable inhabitants of the devastated duchy suffering for seven long years such appalling afflictions that it was commonly said that of all the nations of the earth Lorraine also had surpassed Jerusalem in suffering.

EGERTON BECK.

THE SPANISH DIRECTORY

"Throughout the history of Spain, Most Holy Father, the Faith runs in a torrent: if the Cross of Christ were to cease for a moment to throw its shadow over our land, Spain would be no longer Spain."—KING ALFONSO, *Rome, November, 1923.*

THE Military Directory in Spain has now been in existence for just over two years, and it has accordingly reached a stage at which it is possible to take stock of what has been accomplished during this period. In order to strike an accurate balance it is necessary to consider first of all the circumstances which brought it into being and the nature of the *coup d'état* which substituted military for civil rule, and then to consider its achievements in the light of the criticism which General Primo de Rivera and his colleagues have been called upon to face. Of criticism there has, indeed, been plenty, ranging from the reasoned arguments of the Conde de Romanones in *Las Responsabilidades del Antiguo Regimen* and the disquisitions upon the new trend in political thought in *La Crisis del Constitucionalismo Moderno* of Don Antonio Goicoechea to the vitriolic animadversions of Señor Ibanez against His Majesty King Alfonso in person. Whatever view may be taken of the events of September 13, 1923, they have at any rate focussed the attention of the world upon Spain to an extent quite unparalleled in her recent history.

If the spiritual renaissance of the country began in the disastrous year 1898, its material counterpart took place while the other great nations of Europe were dissipating their resources upon the battlefield. The question of Spanish neutrality is a vexed one both in the Peninsula and outside it, but it may be stated without reservation that at no time did King Alfonso or his ministers display other than the most correct attitude towards the belligerents, and this has been freely admitted both by the Allies and by the Central Powers. At the same time, the enormous rise in prices and the demands of foreign governments for the food, live stock, and raw materials which

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Spain could supply were so great that money began to flow into the country in a manner reminiscent of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Foreign holdings in Spanish enterprises were eagerly bought up by Spaniards, and the termination of hostilities found Spain one of the most prosperous nations in the world. During the next five years a considerable portion of the wealth was dissipated. Continual industrial disputes, Syndicalist outrages, and the growing governmental paralysis as political crisis succeeded political crisis and one transitory administration followed another, produced a state of affairs which seemed likely, as in contemporary Italy, to reproduce eventually the chaos of Russia. The *coup d'état* once more established confidence in the government, and it has since insisted that the wealth of Spain should be applied to the development of the country's internal resources.

In point of fact, it was the increasing disorder and the apparent inability of the authorities to check it that caused so many Spaniards of all classes to welcome the establishment of the Military Directory. The Syndicalist outrages originated in Barcelona and then spread all over the country, culminating on June 4, 1923, in the brutal murder of Cardinal Soldevila, Archbishop of Zaragoza—a crime which in reality defeated the purpose of its perpetrators, for it roused every Catholic in the country and so paved the way for the movement which took place three months later. Such outrages, and the impunity with which they were committed, gradually convinced the majority of thinking Spaniards that a constitution which could not protect the lives of the citizens had outlived its usefulness, and of this movement Professor Perez-Bueno, of Madrid University, was one of the protagonists. A native of that Estremadura from which so many of the "conquistadores" came, he won high academic honours at Bologna University, and for many years prior to 1923 he had been urging the need of a dictatorship as the only hope of Spain, and among those who listened to his lectures, recently published under the title *La Actualidad Política*, was General Primo de Rivera himself. Professor Perez-Bueno

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incessantly preached both in the lecture-room and in the columns of *El Debate* the need for an efficient administration rather than for a democratic government, and events have proved the wisdom of his views. Sabotage has ceased, the public services are for the first time efficiently conducted, and withal, as King Alfonso recently pointed out to a French journalist, there is more individual liberty than in New York or London.

If the financial and social conditions of the country seemed to contemporaries to be merely going from bad to worse under the Parliamentary system, the situation in Morocco enormously aggravated the existing discontent. In this connection it cannot be too often pointed out that Spain is acting in the Shereefian Empire not on her own responsibility but as the delegate or "mandatory"—to use the more fashionable word—of Europe to carry out in conjunction with France the decisions of the Algeciras Conference of 1906. She operates under the authority of the Sultan of Morocco, and it is as a rebel against him and not against King Alfonso that Spanish troops are fighting Abd-el-Krim, just as British aeroplanes bomb the Arabs of Iraq for not paying their taxes to King Faisal. In pursuit of this task imposed by the other Powers, a Spanish army was cut to pieces at Anual in the summer of 1921, and although the situation was ultimately restored by the employment of overwhelming force, the disaster was a bitter blow to Spanish pride. Subsequent investigations have proved that it was in a large part due to the vacillations and procrastination of the home government, and the desertion of General Silvestre became almost as popular a cry in Spain as that of General Gordon once was in England, though the actual circumstances were in fact very different. The next two years brought nothing but an apparently unending sacrifice of men and money reminiscent of Cuba, and thus the Moroccan impasse proved another very important factor in the establishment of the Directory.

The military nature of the *coup* itself has been the cause of much confusion of ideas among foreigners, and par-

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ticularly among Englishmen, with the result that the whole policy of the new government has been viewed from an entirely wrong angle. This mistake has been due very largely to the prevalent habit among many writers of judging other countries by their own, and it is therefore hardly surprising that under these circumstances they deceive both themselves and their readers. Such critics assume that the Spanish army is like the English, except for the fact that it is recruited upon a compulsory and not upon a voluntary basis; and upon this assumption they compare the rule of the Directory with the Cromwellian regime in this country. In reality the two armies are entirely different, and the only points of resemblance are in connection with certain aspects of organization which both once copied from the French army of the time of Louis XIV. The English army is a small professional body officered almost entirely by the aristocracy and the upper classes generally, and from the time of its origin it has been decidedly a royal rather than a national force. The Spanish army is the very reverse of all this. It is essentially national in its character, and although the King is the head of all the armed forces of Spain, there are no Guard regiments. Until recent years it has not attracted the best class of officer—a fact which explains much of the barrack-room intrigue which played so large and calamitous a part in Spanish history in the nineteenth century. If a comparison must be made, it should be drawn between the army of Spain and that of Imperial Rome rather than that of England. From the time of Julius onwards the Roman army represented the Roman people far better than did the oligarchs in the Senate. Similarly to-day General Primo de Rivera and the army are far more representative of Spain than were the deputies whom he ejected from the Cortes two years ago.

Just as Galba taught the world that emperors could be made elsewhere than at Rome, so General Primo de Rivera has proved not only that a government need not necessarily originate in the Cortes, but that it does not need to be elective to be representative. When this distinction is

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once understood, it is easy to view the Directory in the right perspective and to realize how futile is the search for an analogy in English history. Cromwell's rule was an insupportable tyranny only rendered possible by the maintenance of a large force of Janissaries entirely dependent upon himself, while that of General Primo de Rivera is in every true sense of the word popular, and is exercised under the aegis of one of the most capable monarchs of modern times. To compare the President of the Military Directory with the Lord Protector is to ignore every salient point in the question.

If foreign critics have sometimes floundered in the morass of historical analogy, Spanish ones, and especially the politicians whose careers have been so unexpectedly cut short, have not hesitated to describe the creation of the Directory as but another *pronunciamiento* of the old type. Of course, much of this talk is mere propaganda, and the difference between the two cases is only too well understood by many of those who purposely confuse the issue. Spain has advanced too far along the road of material prosperity to tolerate a repetition of the chaos which marked the period between the death of Ferdinand VII and the restoration of the Bourbons in 1875, even were the throne occupied by another Isabella II. The *coup d'état* was very far removed from being a return to the days of Navaez and O'Donnell: it was a definite step in advance taken by men sincerely desirous of finding a way out of their country's difficulties, and wisely not very careful about the formulas which had brought her into them.

There can also be little doubt that the influence of events in Italy has been, and still is, very strong in Spain. Such thinkers as Professor Perez-Bueno have devoted much time to the study of Fascismo, and it has not been neglected by Don Antonio Goicoechea. The latter is a statesman who should be better known in England, of which he is a great admirer. He was born in Barcelona of Basque stock, as his name implies, and after holding various offices he is now the leader of those Conservatives who still rally round the veteran Don Antonio Maura, as well as being

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one of the most prominent barristers in Madrid. Both Professor Perez-Bueno and Señor Goicoechea realize that Signor Mussolini and the movement which is associated with him have given definite expression to that feeling of reaction against the old forms of government which precipitated the war and then proved unable to control the monster which they had created. This disillusionment with the virtues of democracy did not escape neutral Spain, for the increasing disorder seemed to herald a return of the anarchy of the Republic. The expression of this feeling naturally took a different form in the two countries. In Italy, so recently unified, a new national force had to be created, while in Spain it was ready to hand in the army. In both countries the present state of affairs is admittedly only temporary, but in both it is essential that there should be a new generation ready to handle the reins of office before the present rulers can safely relinquish their present task. The Italian army could never have voiced the feeling of the people as the Spanish has done, for it has no national tradition behind it, while Fascismo would never have taken root in the rather sceptical political soil of Spain. The movements are different, as the history of the two nations made it inevitable that they should be, but the feelings of which they are the expression are very similar.

The three principal factors in Spanish national life are the Church, the monarchy, and the army, and by examining the relations of the Directory with these institutions it is possible to gauge the amount of support it is receiving from the country as a whole. Anti-clerical politicians may secure a temporary notoriety and republican forms of government acquire a transitory popularity, but Spain is at heart essentially Catholic and monarchical, and if the Directory did not recognize that fact its success would be as ephemeral as that of the theorists who drew up the egregious Constitution of 1812, a document that completely ignored the existence of the only important factors in the country.

In spite of the assertions of some Protestant writers to the contrary, the Church in Spain invariably supports

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every properly constituted government, and its opposition is solely provoked by specific acts of hostility towards religion. Its relations with the Directory are much the same as those with former administrations which showed the same respect for religion that General Primo de Rivera and his colleagues have done, and the same care for religious education in the schools. Some prelates, notably His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Toledo, have indeed expressed their satisfaction with the religious policy of the Directory in a public manner, but this can only be regarded as the expression of personal opinions, and the Church pursues her old policy of not interfering in secular politics unless religion itself is attacked. Undoubtedly the visit of their Majesties the King and Queen of Spain to Rome in November, 1923, was very gratifying to their subjects, and the presence of General Primo de Rivera so soon after his assumption of office gave the occasion an even wider importance. It was on this visit that King Alfonso used the words set at the head of this article—words which give the clue to the whole history of Spain. The King's concluding sentence was equally significant :

If, in the defence of the faith persecuted, like another Urban VIII you should have to raise a Crusade against the enemies of our holy religion, Spain and its King, most faithful to your orders, would not desert the post of honour marked for them by their glorious traditions for the triumph and glory of the Cross, the standard of the Faith, and also of peace, justice, civilization, and progress.

When her King can speak in such a tone Catholic Spain may rest content with the ministers through whom he governs.

With the monarch himself the relations of the Directory have been as cordial as with the Church. King Alfonso is in theory a constitutional sovereign, but in practice the kaleidoscope of Spanish politics has often forced him to rule as well as to reign; and at this moment it is impossible to say whether he governs through the Directory or the Directory through him. Disraeli once declared that a nation could only be ruled by tradition or by the sword; and whether the monarch or the general inspires Spanish

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policy, the present regime fulfils the great statesman's requirements for government. One thing above all others is becoming clearer every day, and that is the enormous personal prestige of King Alfonso. Every time that one returns to Spain after an absence from the country one is struck by the all-pervading influence of the monarch. Whether it is the construction of a reservoir in Andalucia, the improvement of a road in Guipuzcoa, or the amelioration of the lot of the unfortunate peasants in Las Hurdes, all receive the personal attention of His Majesty. The great Latin-American poet Dario tells how King Alfonso regaled King Edward VII at Cowes with Spanish sherry after dinner instead of the more usual port, and then ordered a case to be sent to each of his guests. The story is typical of his intense patriotism. He, together with the King of the Belgians and one or two other monarchs, is a ruler of the type that is causing an increasing number of people all over the world to ask themselves if monarchy is not after all the safest refuge for the distracted nations of to-day. At any rate, it is his support of the Directory which has recommended it to his subjects.

General Primo de Rivera has thus secured the support of the industrial and commercial classes by his re-establishment of internal order and by the improvements which he has effected in the public services, the approval of the Church by his respect for religion, and the all-important aid of the King in the effort to effect a new Spanish Renaissance, but strangely enough at one time the army itself was by no means united in his favour. His policy of withdrawal behind the Estella line in Morocco involved the abandonment of large areas, and was intensely unpopular among officers and men alike, and several times during the course of last year very ugly rumours were current in Madrid as to the attitude of the army towards him. General Primo, however, never flinched, and the fate of the French isolated posts before the Riffian advance has more than justified his action. The tide of public opinion, military and civil, has now turned, and is flowing strongly in his favour. The saving of men and money in the Moroccan war has done more than anything else to

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strengthen the position of the Directory; and so greatly does Spain rely upon the judgement of King Alfonso and General Primo de Rivera that, whatever agreement they may come to with France in respect of the war against Abd-el-Krim, they will have the overwhelming mass of Spanish public opinion behind them.

The enemies of the Directory are ranged under many banners, but few of them are dangerous. Carlism, or Jaimism as it is now, is dead as a political force, and only exists as a sentiment comparable to Jacobitism after 1760. Republicanism has hardly shown its head since its failure fifty years ago, and if the younger generation were in any danger of forgetting that story, Portugal has provided them with an object-lesson since 1910. The older politicians continue to intrigue, but they are leaders without a following, for if there is one thing more than another upon which the whole country is agreed it is that there shall be no return to the regime which was overthrown two years ago. The Freemasons and the Bolsheviks are more dangerous, but they are not specially the enemies of the Directory so much as of all government conducted on Christian lines, and save for an attempted rising last November their plots have all been nipped in the bud by the vigilance of the police. There remain, of course, the Catalans, about whose aspirations a great deal more is heard outside Spain than within. Their responsible leaders are now content to defer their demands until a more seasonable opportunity, and although the extremists will no doubt continue to agitate, the average Catalan employer is too grateful to the Directory for enabling him to go his way without the ever-present fear of a bullet in his back to worry about the abstract merits of autonomy.

It can, therefore, be safely said that the Military Directory will continue to hold office until it decides that the time has come to hand over the reins of power to those who will carry on its work. When that day comes General Primo de Rivera will gladly resign his arduous task, but until then his government will continue unless some sudden storm arises, and of that there is at present no sign.

CHARLES PETRIE.

PAPERS OF MRS. FITZHERBERT

THE case of Mrs. Fitzherbert had always been of interest to English Catholics, for she was born a Smythe of Acton Burnell, and was linked by name to the families of Weld and Fitzherbert. In the year of grace 1785 she married the Prince of Wales in the house Mr. Fitzherbert had left her in Park Street. It stood near Hereford Gardens and Oxford Street, near where the Marble Arch Cinema now stands. Mrs. Fitzherbert was given away by her uncle, Mr. Errington, of the family of Archbishop Errington, and was attended as witness by her brother John Smythe. The Rev. Robert Burt, an Anglican minister, performed the ceremony for five hundred pounds down. Fortunately for Mrs. Fitzherbert the matrimonial legislation of Pius X was not in existence, or she would have been involved in the penalties attached, by the *Ne Temere* decree, to Catholics who marry without a priest. As it was, she realized too late that she had incurred *praemunire*, and to save her witnesses she afterwards nobly scissored their names from her marriage certificate. The Rev. Robert Burt died young without attaining the preferment at which he had aimed, or aware that his act would become the most famous piece of gossip over a century, and even come under the canonical inspection and decision of a Pope.

Probably no other woman ever occupied so strange a position as Mrs. Fitzherbert. She only surrendered her charms under terms that her conscience could approve, but they were such that could never be revealed to the world. The Prince of Wales could accept those terms only by jeopardizing his right to the Crown. By the Act of Settlement, a Prince, who marries a Catholic, cannot succeed. The Prince managed to do both, but Mrs. Fitzherbert never gave him away, though the provocation sometimes must have been extreme, as the correspondence we publish

Papers of Mrs. Fitzherbert

shows. Very little survives except in the form of copies of certain letters she sent to the Prince. After he had died upon the Throne he had really forfeited by marrying a Catholic, the Duke of Wellington made a great effort to obliterate all traces of what seemed to him a far greater scandal than if no marriage service had taken place between the two. Mrs. Fitzherbert's friends, Lords Albemarle and Stourton, set aside the documents she thought necessary to vindicate her honour with posterity, which were deposited in Coutts' Bank. All George's letters of infatuation or reproach, political or social, were burnt, and with them a great deal of the secret history of the period, for he was a voluminous and reckless writer. On the other hand, the Duke secured the destruction of all Mrs. Fitzherbert's letters to the Prince. An unsigned note of the Prince survives of no importance beginning, "My dear Love,—I have just received a letter from my sister this evening by the Coach, desiring me to come to Windsor," and concluding, "Adieu, my dear Love, excuse haste. Ever thine." (Brighton, June 23, 1794.) The interest of the letter lies in a postscript by Mrs. Fitzherbert: "This letter I recd. the morg. of the day the P. sent me word he wld. never enter my house. L. Jersey."

Their married life had then lasted happily for ten years nearly. The Prince had fallen under the spell of Lady Jersey. Mrs. Fitzherbert only gave him the answer of silent contempt, which in the long run was the clever policy, for Lady Jersey was the one supplanter of hers whom she was to supplant in turn. Lady Jersey was to cost him terribly, for she advised him to marry the unattractive, flighty, obstinate and ludicrous Princess Caroline of Brunswick, hoping thereby to secure her future position in the Prince's affections. But her petard hoist her. Caroline became the bitter sorrow and affliction of the Prince's life, and he reacted into Mrs. Fitzherbert's arms. The poor Princess soon realized why Lady Jersey was placed in waiting upon her, but of Mrs. Fitzherbert she never showed jealousy, only sympathy and respect. In fact she spoke of the Prince as Mrs. Fitzherbert's husband,

Papers of Mrs. Fitzherbert

and hoped she did not stand between them and happiness. The Prince offered his real wife £3,000 a year, which George III promised to continue if the Prince died. And there Mrs. Fitzherbert's romance might well have ended, for Mr. Errington insisted on her accepting it as alimony, though the world had little idea how honourable and small a payment it was. But the Prince left the Princess as soon as her child provided an heir to the throne; and, as Cromwell suffered for providing King Henry with Anne of Cleves, so the lack of charm in the Princess was visited on Lady Jersey. Princess Charlotte was born on January 7, 1796. On January 10 of the same year the Prince executed a will bequeathing all his earthly property "to my Maria Fitzherbert, my wife, the wife of my heart and soul. Although by the laws of this country she could not avail herself publicly of that name, still such she is in the eyes of Heaven, was, is, and ever will be such in mine." Lady Jersey fought hard for her position, and it is amusing to find in the Jerningham Papers that Edward Jerningham of the great Catholic cousinhood was sent by the Prince to give the lady a kind dismissal, for he recorded: "Lady Jersey is now in the Transit of Venus."

The Prince was determined to return to Mrs. Fitzherbert, and appealed to her by her marriage vows, which she, feeling puzzled and distracted, referred to the Pope. Father Nassau was despatched privately to Rome and brought back the logical permission for her to live with the Prince as his first and canonical wife. The British public, who were very excitable at this time over the Catholic question, were not informed that the Pope had directly ratified Mrs. Fitzherbert's marriage and indirectly laid down that the poor Princess Caroline was no wife at all.

The lovers were reunited, and Mrs. Fitzherbert gave a sort of wedding breakfast to announce the fact to the wondering world. The Royal Family warmly supported Mrs. Fitzherbert for the Prince's own good, all regarding her as his good angel. The English Catholics noted that she remained in communion with the Holy See, and accepted the mystery which lay between her and her con-

Papers of Mrs. Fitzherbert

fessor. The Protestant mob favoured the Princess of Wales, whom they believed to be the victim of Lady Jersey and Mrs. Fitzherbert. The religion of the latter was public property, and in English eyes a greater scandal than any liaison with the Prince. The poor Princess eventually withdrew abroad, where she toured with a travelling company rather than a suite befitting a future Queen of England. She became infatuated with her courier, Baron Bergami, and it is curious that one of the indictments brought against her at her trial was her attendance at a Catholic service. So the Prince's "two wives," as they were called, both went to Mass. The Princess was received by the Pope at Genoa. Later, when she became prospective Queen, His Holiness was informed that if he valued the Prince Regent's friendship he would not give her royal honours. This Cardinal Consalvi apparently avoided, for in Denman's defence of the Queen he passionately pointed out how Cardinal Consalvi had been made the instrument of her degradation. Mrs. Fitzherbert lived eight happy years with the Prince, more or less recognized and honoured by Court and Society. Her desire for a child was great, and together with the Prince she adopted Minney Seymour, an orphan belonging to a house which had furnished the throne with a Queen and provided Henry the Eighth with his heir. Then the Protestant storm burst. Squibs and caricatures traduced Mrs. Fitzherbert as the corrupter of Protestant youth. Gillray drew her ascending to the sky as the Abbess of Brighton with Minney Seymour in her arms, a parody of the picture of a Christian family going to Heaven. The Seymour relatives decided to withdraw her from so dangerous an influence, and the case was brought before the House of Lords. The Prince canvassed the Peers on Mrs. Fitzherbert's behalf, and the child was awarded to Lord Hertford, the head of the Seymours, who gave her into the keeping of Mrs. Fitzherbert. Mrs. Fitzherbert won a child but lost her husband, who became the platonic lover of Lady Hertford. Lady Hertford was a keen Protestant, and, not content with changing the Prince's views in favour of Catholic Relief, drove Mrs.

Papers of Mrs. Fitzherbert

Fitzherbert out of the Pavilion by studied insult. Mrs. Fitzherbert was expected to chaperone her rival under the threat of the removal of Minney Seymour, who forms the subject of her few remaining letters to the Prince. In them she reviews a financial position out of which she comes admirably, for she never accepted the ducal title or the large sums which a royal mistress would have claimed. In fact she incurred debts on the Prince's behalf, and took the least money necessary to her position. Wherever the Prince squandered his half-million of debt, it was not on Mrs. Fitzherbert. The following letters, now first published, are interesting as showing that she never doubted or hesitated to address him as his wife. The letters of Mrs. Fitzherbert are taken from a packet in the Fitzherbert papers marked :

7. Letters sealed by the executors, March 31, 1837. G. H. From Mrs. Fitzherbert to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

packets 1 to 5 were the papers preserved in Coutts' Bank and published in Mr. W. M. Wilkin's work on *Mrs. Fitzherbert and George IV.*

THE PRINCE OF WALES TO MRS. FITZHERBERT.

LONDON (Jan. thirteenth, 1809). Franked CORNWALL.

My dearest Maria,—I yesterday received your kind letter, which afforded me the most heartfelt satisfaction, as it conveyed the glad tidings that the dear child and yourself are both so well. The more I learn from you respecting Melle. Corney, the more reason we have to thank Heaven for the escape our dear little angel has had; but now, after knowing all that you do about this impossible character, a little more or a little less can never operate in the scale of her abominations, and after, as I suppose that you have felt it your duty to acquaint Lady Grey with the dangers to which her children have been or might be exposed, let us for heaven's sake dismiss this vile wretch with all her infernal machinations as the past from our minds, further, than preserving them in our own breasts as a most useful lesson and memento against the possibility in any shape of the recurrence of similar horrors. To be sure, nothing is half bad enough for her, therefore for God's sake let her go to the Devil her own way, which she is sure sooner or later to accomplish. I think that your description of her successor is everything that one can wish, and, from the observations I have

Papers of Mrs. Fitzherbert

been able to make myself, that you will find her fully adequate to the minor branches of the education of this darling child. Her principles being good, every other deficiency will be supplied by Masters, for I believe that the world has never yet produced a Governess that was competent to instruct in all the necessary accomplishments without their aid. But, after all, my dearest Maria, the best security is that which you have within yourself, for your tender care and watchful eye will secure beyond possibility that her infantine and pure mind, as well as her dear and little susceptible heart, should never be led astray. Everybody appears to be in the utmost state of anxiety for the next accounts from Spain, which must be of the utmost importance, as they must bring us the accounts of the recent [] of our troops and probably of a most desperate engagement previous to its being able to be accomplished. I have had the best accounts of the conduct of my regiment, which is extremely gratifying to me, as you will readily believe. The moment anything arrives you shall have it. Before I conclude I must just beg of you, if it is not attended with any inconvenience to you, to give Miss Jeffreys* from me the hundred pounds which you mentioned, and which McMahon† shall replace to your account with the quarter, when the warrants are signed, and which has not yet been done, but which must be done in a few days. And now adieu, my dearest Maria, and with a thousand loves and kisses more tender than ever to dearest Minney. I remain, ever very affectionately yours,

GEORGE P.

CARLTON HOUSE,
January 13, 1809.

MRS. FITZHERBERT TO THE PRINCE OF WALES (1809).

I trust Y.R.H. will permit me to explain the reasons why I could not possibly accept the honour of your invitation to the Pavilion for yesterday and for this evening. The very great incivilities I have received these two years just because I obeyed your orders in going there was too visible to everyone present and too poignantly felt by me to admit of my putting myself in a situation of again being treated with such indignity, for whatever may be thought of me by some individuals, it is well known Y.R.H. four-and-twenty years ago placed me in a situation so nearly connected with your own that I have a claim upon you for protection. I feel I owe it to myself not to be insulted under your roof with impunity. The influence‡ you are now under, and the conduct of one of your servants, I am sorry to say, has ye appearance of your sanction and support, and renders my situation in your house, situated as I am,

* The new governess.

† The King's Irish friend and secretary.
‡ Lady Hertford's.

Papers of Mrs. Fitzherbert

impossible any longer to submit to. I shall therefore, with all due respect and duty to Y.R.H., take the liberty to inform you that, as my absence from the Pavilion may be construed in various ways, it is my intention to make it known to the public to-morrow morning that I am absolutely under the necessity by ye arrogance and unjustifiable conduct of Mr. Blomfield* driven out of Y.R.H.'s house. The world will then know the truth, and they will judge as they think proper. Something is due to my character and conduct, both of which will bear the strictest scrutiny, particularly with regard to everything that concerns Y.R.H., for after all that has passed between Y.R.H. and myself I did not think human nature could have borne what I have had to undergo. I should esteem myself much obliged to Y.R.H. to show this letter to H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence.† I shall keep a copy to show to my friends, that there may be no misstatements of my conduct. I shall not enter into further details at present, but trust to Y.R.H. to forgive this liberty and to allow me to subscribe myself Y.R.H.'s most obedient and dutiful

MARIA FITZHERBERT.

The disappointment to my dear little girl‡ mortifies me very much.

MRS. FITZHERBERT TO GEORGE IV (1809).

Dear Sir,—It is with the great reluctance I take up my pen to address you upon a subject very painful to my feelings, and which I had flattered myself I never should have been compelled to do, and which nothing but the awkward situation I am in could have drawn from me. The subject I allude to is of a pecuniary nature, and, notwithstanding every precaution on my part, Mr. Porden has thought proper to outrun the estimate he undertook to build my house at Brighton for to the amount of near £300. It is a peculiar hard case, as I had scraped every farthing I could collect, and had frequently deprived myself of many comforts to enable me to pay him the sum he asked to build my house, which, to the amount of £6,000—the price he undertook it for—was paid to him before I ever took possession of my habitation. This sum neither includes what I paid for ye ground or furniture. This conduct of his is shamefull, and falls very heavy upon me, because I had piqued myself that neither my House in Town or at Brighton had ever cost you one farthing, and I feel particularly distressed at this circumstance, as it is the first time since I was acquainted with you that I ever mentioned my having been in any difficulties of this nature, for tho' we now have been married three-and-twenty years

* Equerry to the Prince, afterwards made a peer.

† Afterwards William IV.

‡ Minney Seymour.

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I never at any period solicited you for assistance, let my embarrassments have been ever so great, or ever solicited you for an increase of income, which I certainly always felt I was entitled to from your having voluntarily and unsolicited pledged yourself, not only to Mr. Errington but several others, from the beginning of my acquaintance with you, to give me an income of £10,000 per ann., instead of which till very lately I have subsisted upon an allowance of £3,000, now increased to £5,000. I mean no reproaches to you, Sir, for not having kept your word, for I should have felt more gratified and happy in giving up to Y.H. what I had than in receiving the sum alluded to, could it on any occasion have contributed in the smallest degree to your comfort, for the first object of my heart was your happiness and prosperity, and I would rather have lived in beggary than to have distressed you, or by any mean, dirty tricks have taken advantage of you or have endeavoured thro' any selfish motives [] a property of you which I know I might easily have done had I been so disposed. But to return to my subject, I know it is quite impossible for me to pay Mr. Porden. I have twice been threatened with arrests. I shall feel no degradation in going to a jail. It is no debt of extravagant folly, but a circumstance that will happen now and then—that of being deceived by those we place confidence in.

Permit me, Sir, to apologize for this unpleasant intrusion, but as all conversations on such subjects are extremely distressing I have taken the liberty of transmitting them on paper that there might be no mistake or misunderstanding; and I should esteem myself much obliged if you would condescend to send me an answer in writing. I thought it my duty to inform you of these circumstances, for which I hope I shall not incur your displeasure, for as your wife I feel I have still a claim upon your protection, which I trust is not entirely alienated from me, as the whole of my conduct towards you is grounded on that foundation. Before I conclude, I must add one word more, which is with respect to the House at Parsons' Green. It may appear to you that knowing myself in debt I am very imprudent in taking another House to add to my difficulties. This, I beg leave to say, is not the case. Last year, when you quitted me, the Berkeleys were so kind as to offer me an asylum, but by your account of the many unpleasant things you informed me were said upon that subject I thought it cruel to trespass further on their kindness. Several of my friends have with the greatest generosity and kindness assisted me to procure the place above mentioned, which I am sure I shall find great comfort to myself and advantage to my child, which has been the primary object of a small place in the country, and being so near Town she will have the same advantage as if in London.

Papers of Mrs. Fitzherbert

MRS. FITZHERBERT TO THE PRINCE OF WALES

(*Copy of letter to the Prince written June ye 7, 1811, when persuaded by Lady Hertford not to admit me to his table.*)

Sir,—After the cōversation Your Royal Highness held with me yesterday I am sure you will not be surprised that I have sent my excuses for not obeying your commands for Wednesday next. Much as it has ever been my wish during a period of near thirty years to save you from every embarrassment in my power, yet there are situations when one ought not entirely to forget what is due to oneself. You, Sir, are not aware, in your anxiety to fill your table with persons only of the highest rank, that, by excluding her who now addresses you merely for want of those titles that others possess, you are excluding the person who is not unjustly suspected by the world of possessing in silence unassumed and unsustained a Rank given her by yourself above that of any other person present. Having never forfeited my title to Your Royal Highness's public as well as private consideration by any act of my life, to what could this etiquette be for the first time imputed? No one, my dear Sir, has proved themselves thro' life less solicitous than myself. But I cannot be indifferent to the fair, honorable appearance of consideration from you, which I have hitherto possessed and which I feel I deserve, and for which reason I can never submit to appear in your house in any place or situation but in that where you yourself first placed me many years ago. Yesterday I was too much surprised, when you informed me that from my want of rank I would not be admitted to your table, to be able to express my feelings in due bounds; and to-day, the impression remaining unabated, I sent my excuse to Colonel Thomas, but on reflection I think it more candid and open to lay my reasons before you, begging you at the same time to believe me, etc.

MRS. FITZHERBERT TO THE PRINCE REGENT (1813).

The load of public business, which Your Royal Highness must have had to occupy your time, has rendered me unwilling to press myself on your recollection; and the hope that I should find you remembering me without my having the pain of requesting you to do so, has withheld me from writing sooner; but now that business is considerably over, permit me to urge the promise, when you are still in Town, to recall to Your Royal Highness's recollection myself and my situation. Placed by you, Sir, when the memorable event of our Union took place in ye year '85, under circumstances which rendered you the only person in this world, while life endured, that I could ever look up to for protection and support, bound by every tie that Honor or Religion could impose, and utterly pre-

Papers of Mrs. Fitzherbert

cluded from forming any other connection for the future comfort, support or happiness of my life. You were at that period pleased to settle on me £10,000 per ann. as the income befitting the situation you placed me in. The act, Sir, was a voluntary one of your own, for never had I solicited any provision from you. On your honor, on your attachment, and on your generosity I had thrown myself, my own interest entirely abandoned. Your difficulties in money matters put it out of your power to fulfil ye settlement or to give me more than £3,000 per ann. I was frequently distressed, but I did not complain. It was then (as it has been ever since) my sole wish to save you every pain and keep every dilemma away from you whatever I might have suffered. I availed myself of every resource in my power; even the ornaments Your Royal Highness bestowed upon me were often converted into the means of supplying wants, which you could not then relieve. But these were difficulties, not sorrows, and I hoped the time would come when all difficulties would vanish. They were diminished about three years ago by an additional £3,000 per ann. which Y.R.H. added to the former three. Possessed of these means, I endeavoured to discharge past debts as far as my abilities went. The situation and power Y.R.H. is now placed in flatters me I may now look for care in my circumstances for the first time in the course of nearly twenty-eight years. From your liberality I hope this: from your justice I claim it. The sad consciousness, which at moments you must feel, how cruelly you have used me on points of far more importance than the present—such recollection will, I trust, teach your heart on this inferior subject at least to do me justice. Forgive me, Sir, if I have permitted my feelings to lead me further than the point on which I solely meant at this moment to trouble you, and to which I now return. Permit me to receive henceforward the allowance you promised me twenty-eight years ago—an allowance which the times has not increased in value. The arrears may be inconvenient to Y.R.H. to grant. I will not intrude any longer upon Y.R.H., but with my best wishes for your welfare and happiness, I have the honour to subscribe myself respectfully,

MARIA FITZHERBERT.

MRS. FITZHERBERT TO THE PRINCE REGENT.

August 15, 1814.

Sir,—After the very ill success of my former application, it is with much painful reluctance and from the absolute necessity of my situation only that I am forced to address Y.R.H. upon the subject of my income, feeling as I do that all the pecuniary difficulties I endure originate from the very scanty allowance you made

Papers of Mrs. Fitzherbert

me for several years; yet you must do me the justice to allow that I never uttered a complaint or asked your assistance at that time, because I knew your income was then so limited that you had it not in your power; and to prevent you suffering uneasiness on that score, I was frequently driven by necessity to borrow money, and about nine years ago, as you know, mortgaged my house to procure absolute necessaries both for yourself and me. It is true, Sir, that the last four years have increased my income to £6,000 per ann.—a sum which is not now as much as £3,000 was ten or twelve years ago; but this income I have not yet enjoyed, having been obliged to apply it, as far as I could, towards the paying off of the old debts of former times—debts from which with the most rigid economy I have not been able to extricate myself. These debts, Sir, have never been increased by any ostentation or extravagance of mine. The whole of them were incurred when we were living together. I will not pain Y.R.H. by reminding you how those debts arose or for whom they were contracted. Need I say more? You will, I am sure, do me justice to acknowledge that I never was an interested person; that I never, which I certainly might have done, solicited for or benefitted either my family or my friends at your expense. I confess I have a degree of pride which makes me revolt at the idea of asking assistance from anyone, but I do not feel this is addressing Y.R.H. for the performance of a promise. What is due to me is not degrading for me to receive, tho' painful in the extreme for me to ask, and what I wish Y.R.H. had remembered to do for me of yourself, for which I should have felt much gratitude. But not to trouble you with more details, let me briefly add that, tho' I have no desire of richer comforts at my time of life, and under my unfortunate circumstances become necessary, it is creditable to yourself, Sir, that I should not be without them. I can add no stronger motive, yet one other my heart leads me to name, that under Y.R.H.'s sanction I have made myself responsible (and I have never for a moment regretted it) for the proper education and maintenance of my beloved child. She is everything I could wish her to be. Nothing is spared as far as I am able; and I should grieve, as her expenses increase with her age, if I had it not in my power to finish her education in the manner she deserves. Allow me, Sir, to request you will pay some little attention to this letter, and I beg I may have an answer from yourself. It is most probably the last time you will be troubled by a letter from me. It is my intention to go soon to the Continent. I am not certain what my creditors may do when they hear that I am leaving the country. It is through your enabling me to lay them that many distressing discussions may be stayed which we ought both on every account to prevent becoming

Papers of Mrs. Fitzherbert

public. I have reason to believe, Sir, that your ear has been frequently assailed by indignant insinuations against me. I have been accused of entering into Cabals against Y.R.H. and doing you all the mischief in my power. No asseverations are necessary on my part. I disdain the charge. The evidences of the contrary are with me, and I thank the Almighty that throughout all my bitter trials I have hitherto had forbearance enough never to utter one syllable that could have affected your interests, made you an enemy, or given you any cause of resentment towards me. You ought to know me better, Sir, than to believe such idle representations. There can be no stronger proof of these falsehoods than what you can yourself give—that aware as you are of how much I have in my power, that power has remained entirely unused by me. I ought and do apologize for the length of this letter, but I am leaving this country. My health is not good, life is uncertain. Let me implore you, therefore, to answer this letter and to believe that, notwithstanding all your prejudices against me and all the misery and wretchedness you have entailed upon me, I most sincerely wish you every degree of happiness, health and prosperity.

MARIA FITZHERBERT.

MRS. FITZHERBERT TO THE PRINCE OF WALES.

I should not, my dear Sir, intrude upon you at this moment knowing how much you are occupied, but a case of distress, of which I feel I am the chief cause, has hurt me very much, and therefore I trust to your kindness to excuse my occupying a few moments of your time. I will not detain you long, but briefly state that poor Anderson is come here in such a state of mind at having been ordered to quit his apartments at Carlton House, and the disgrace he feels attached to it is almost more than he can bear after a faithful and attached service to you of two and thirty years, and conceives he has committed no fault to deserve being so treated, has had such an impression upon him that I confess I have dreaded the consequences that from misery and despair he might be tempted to commit some horrid deed, that I am sure would affect you. I have seen him, and have endeavoured to comfort him by an opinion that you have too much feeling to entirely desert him. He begged me not to write to you for that it might offend you. I am sure it is not your intention to ruin him. He has a large family, and his wife is in a dying state. Pray have pity upon him for your own sake as well as his. I am perfectly sensible from many things that have passed that yr indulgence to my child in letting him attend her is a great source of discontent against him, and I am sure I shall never feel happy to have this made a plea for

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the ruining a poor fellow, who after all has disengaged by obeying your orders. If, my dear Sir, you would give him some situation either as Messenger or anything else to save his family from destruction, you do credit to yourself and do a most humane and charitable act. Besides, I only think the poor fellow from his good conduct deserves some reward. Once more, dear Sir, forgive me; but, indeed, there have of late happened so many unpleasant things to servants in your family by harsh and unanswerable treatment unknown to you, that have come to an untimely end, that the dread of this happening again is the only cause excuse I have to make. Pray, wish, or order Col. McMahon to send me some little comfort to cheer this wretched creature. Your own heart will approve of so doing, and God will reward you for it.

I am, my dear Sir, etc.,

MARIA FITZHERBERT.

Mrs. Fitzherbert became very intimate with all the Royal Family, who came to her for advice in all their troubles. It would be difficult to say which was her greatest friend, the Duke of York or the Duke of Kent. Owing to their left hand and morganatic unions their affairs often became complicated. The Duke of Kent, before he became the father of Queen Victoria, was attached to an excellent lady, Madame de Saint Laurent. After nearly thirty years of union she was left stranded in Paris through the Duke's premature decease, and it was to Mrs. Fitzherbert that Louis Philippe sent an appeal on her behalf, writing from Paris: "You have been so good and kind to my lamented friend the Duke of Kent and also to Madame de Montgenet* that I must send you duplicates of all the letters that are now going to London in her behalf. You will see that I have followed your good advice, and I am sure if you can give her a lift, you will do so. Perhaps if you were to show these papers to the Duke of York, his usual kindness might induce him to say a few words to the King on the subject, and nothing could be more efficient."

With the FitzClarences, the family of William IV, the Fitzherbert house was on close terms. A romance arose between George FitzClarence, afterwards made Earl of Munster, and Minney Seymour, which accounts for

* Family name of Madame de Saint Laurent.

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the number of his letters to Mrs. Fitzherbert and her ward, which have survived among her papers. The same misfortune which prevented Madame de Saint Laurent becoming Queen Victoria's mother prevented George FitzClarence being King of England—the fatal Royal Marriage Act, cause of so much unhappiness and of so many loveless marriages. The Duke of Sussex was careful to repeat his Roman marriage with Lady Augusta Murray in St. George's, Hanover Square, but it was nevertheless dissolved in consequence of the Act. It is interesting to find that Cardinal Acton corresponded with Cardinal Wiseman as to the legitimacy of the issue of this match.

George IV would not allow FitzClarence to marry Mrs. Fitzherbert's ward, who married Mr. Damer, while FitzClarence married Miss Wyndham, daughter of Lord Egremont. Specimens of his letters at different times follow :

LEGACA, August 4, 1813.

I cannot refrain from congratulating you, my dear Mrs. Fitzherbert, upon a most splendid victory we have gained over the enemy. We have fought some most desperate battles, and have always come off with victory. Horace is well, and what is not of so much consequence to a young lady in your house, so am I and my brother. Horace had his horse shot. Mine was grazed on the nose with a ball. Since the 25th ult. the French have lost 16,000 men, we 7,000. I refer you to the *Gazette* for leading facts, as I have not time to give an account of our most gallant exploits. Never has anything shown Lord Wellington to more advantage or the British soldier's courage more than these operations. We have taken great part of the enemy's baggage and 4,000 prisoners. I have been in France. I send you oak leaves I took from a tree to crown myself conqueror. The Prince of Orange takes the despatches home. I send Minney some box I wore in my hat during the whole of the action, as it was fought on the anniversary of Talavera.

ROME, November 7, 1829.

I must state my opinion of St. Peter's. Its splendour surpasses all understanding. I am Goth enough to rejoice at the spoliation of the Palaces of the Caesars and the Temples of Jupiter and his aristocracy, as from their fall has arisen this glorious fane. Nothing among the ancients ever existed like it; and though

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Thebes may be more wonderful, still the perfection of architecture and the Dome raise it to my ideas above all past, present, and to come. We have found few persons we know here. Don't tell your friend Lady Georgiana, but her Mama is as mad as Bedlam! She has just set out for Naples without knowing, as we are here informed, that Lord Westmoreland has embarked from Genoa in order to proceed to Naples, thus avoiding her and Rome!

PARIS, January 25, 1830.

In what a contemptible light does a certain Duke appear! I will show you a letter on my arrival in London from him in which he advocates a very [different] feeling from what he now expresses. It is evident he was determined not "to save me harmless" one way or the other. I could not but follow in part your advice, and from my letter to my Father hope malgre the *intrigants* and *intriguantes* in and out of Bushey* their views and intentions may be defeated. I say that I have only followed your counsels in part, as I have an unconquerable aversion to holding a paid situation in my position. Surely the King, or he who, as the witches say in *Macbeth*, shall be King, must know of the position in which our good friend† will be on the demise of the Crown. But, if not, it will devolve on one who esteems her and cares about the welfare of those about her, to mention in the most delicate manner to all parties (and which shall only be introduced accidentally, a conversation arising from the changes many must feel) what He ought to be acquainted with. Pray, let no one know this, as it would make me feel awkward in her presence, lest she should feel under any obligation to me, and do you, pray, forget it, as however glad you know I am you noticed it, I almost fear you will be annoyed I should have such an intention as I avow. If I err, do not, pray, give me a shake of the hand the less when we meet, which I hope will be soon—that is to say, unless you think me impertinent for interfering at all, however old a friend. Lady B. Ponsonby has offered to take charge of the Rosaries and to deliver them to you.

ROME, February 12, 1830.

I am thankful for your little commission, and will pack up and send off by the first opportunity four Chaplets—one for your acceptance, two for Mrs. Fitzherbert, and one for Mrs. Jan-Jan.‡ Though you are a good Protestant, it will not be unacceptable, not only upon the principle of what was said on a like occasion,

* William IV's residence before succession. † Mrs. Fitzherbert.
‡ Mrs. Edward Jerningham, Mrs. Fitzherbert's niece.

Papers of Mrs. Fitzherbert

that the Blessing of a good old man cannot do one aught but good, they having been at my request blessed by the Pope, but from having become since doubly interesting from the circumstance of Dr. Weld having carried them himself to receive it. Thus they were held for the purpose by the first English Cardinal we have had for 160 years since Cardinal Howard in James II's time. I dare say Mrs. Fitzherbert never thought of being related to a Cardinal, but so is the case, as you will have before this have heard. I have become acquainted with His Eminence, and think him a gentleman well suited for the position, which is not without difficulty at this moment. He is bound for the present not to go to England until it is seen how our Government receives his appointment. He is busy fitting himself out, which will require (Mr. Clifford tells me) 16,000 crowns. His copes, dresses and jewels I have seen at Lord Shrewsbury's. One of the fees is very curious. By being raised to the dignity he loses the right and power of making a will, but he acquires the privilege of buying a ring, not intrinsically worth 5 crowns, of the Propagande Fide for 1,000! The oath is curious, and amongst other things binds him not to compromise his rank, and is as detailed in what relates to ceremonies as the most learned Chinese commentator on the Kon Ton or nine thumps of the head on the Imperial footstool. He is to be made in the first week in March, and Lord Shrewsbury has lent him the Colonna Palace for his congratulatory receptions. The Commissioner went to the Vatican the other day to be introduced. The Pope said to him (he being in the uniform of the Clare Militia), "I suppose you are a General," and in the same breath asked him "where he had served?" Sir J. Copley says he should have said "Newmarket, Doncaster and Epsom!"

September 9, 1831.

Thank heaven the Coronation* is over! And for your consolation, dear Mrs. Damer, I can assure you it was an exact repetition of the last, only the music was feeble if not bad, and the King's robes cost only (to George's cost) £1,400 instead of £24,000. Lady Munster was ill and could not go, hoping to save herself to dine with the King, who had a party of 100 covers. The Duchess of St. Albans in the front looked like a full-blown peony; the young Duchess of Richmond was next to her, making the contrast still more remarkable. All the peeresses who had received their coronets to make honest women of them were present, and it was amusing to see the virtuous ladies indignant at their neighbourhood. Lady Rosebery was, I hear, seated between two whose past life might be not questioned, but with truth commented upon.

* Of William IV.

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To MRS. FITZHERBERT.

LONDON, September 5, 1834.

By all, and that is not much, that can be learned about you is so close and mysterious that I sometimes, thank God, think you are already landed, if not living the last two months in Tilney Street. We find you marching like Major Surgeon from Acton to Ealing, from Bruxelles to Aix and back again, but no prospect of a return. I know nothing of the King, except that he is dissatisfied at my not going to him. But I think all hope of our ever coming together again is at an end. The Duke of Sussex, who now looks like Falstaff in the face as well as the body, having left off the dye of his whiskers, is very low and indignant about Lord Grey being elbowed out of office.

Before his son had set out to the wars in 1809, the Duke of Clarence sent him a sensible farewell letter, which for certain messages was passed on to Mrs. Fitzherbert, in whose papers it remains:

Dear George,—Your letter informing me your regiment is going abroad arrived yesterday. A soldier is always ready and happy to obey, and I make no doubt you will do your duty as you ought, and I trust in God you will be as fortunate as you were on the last occasion. Give my best compliments to Col. Quintin and desire him to work you well in the riding house, and you must make the most of your time to become a good horseman. I hope for your sake Mrs. Fitzherbert will remain at Brighton till you march to embark. Thank her in my name for all her attention and goodness to you. Send me word what will be required by the officers, and consult Col. Quintin about everything. The less baggage you now know by experience the better. Only take what is useful and not ornamental. At the same time you must have what is ordered. Your mother* goes on Saturday to Bath and Bristol, and will be absent between three and four weeks. She, Mrs. Sinclair, who is here, and your brothers and sisters write in love and best wishes, and I remain your affec. father,

WILLIAM.

Lord Munster was as anxious as other members of the Royal Family that Mrs. Fitzherbert should be properly recognized and provided for at the demise of the Crown, and the steps he promised in his gentlemanly letter to take with William IV were certainly successful. The new

* Mrs. Jordan.

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King immediately sent him with a message asking her to call on him and the Queen at the Pavilion. Mrs. Fitzherbert demurred, and the King paid her the first visit. She placed her marriage certificate in his hands, and he immediately authorized her to wear widow's weeds for George IV and the use of the royal liveries. She returned to Court and re-enjoyed the peculiar position which had been denied her since 1811. Lady Jersey was dead, Lady Hertford forgotten, and Lady Conyngham retired. The King would have been willing to acknowledge the fact of her marriage publicly, but the Duke of Wellington sternly forbade, and was anxious even to destroy all surviving papers. Mrs. Fitzherbert was afraid that many of her letters had fallen into the hands of Sir William Knighton, the late King's secretary, whom she regarded as an enemy. Accordingly Lords Stourton and Albemarle arranged with the Duke that all should be burnt except those which were sealed in Coutts' Bank. Knighton's seal was added as an executor of the King, and three years later Lord Stourton wrote to Mrs. Fitzherbert (October 16, 1836): "I see by the papers that Sir W. Knighton is no more. All his concerns, as I have heard from yourself and general report, are enough to make one moralize on the fleeting emptiness of things below. The Court cards he built with so successfully for a moment, where are they now? As far as you are concerned, I feel an interest in knowing that you are satisfied that your papers will not pass into executors' hands, for I hope he kept back no copies, but acted fairly at last. This will now probably be soon known. His seal is to your private papers at Coutts' Bank, but that can be of no sort of consequence, I presume, to you. But it will perhaps strengthen your wish to inspect them yourself, if only to show that you are mistress to have the entire disposal of them at your pleasure."

This shows that the papers belong legally to Mrs. Fitzherbert and her legatees and their descendants.

S. L.

SOME RECENT BOOKS

FATHER AURELIUS POMPEN'S *English Versions* of "The Ship of Fools" (Longmans) calls for more than a passing note. Working from his convent in Heerlem, the Dutch friar has uncovered a concealed turning in English literature. *The Ship of Fools*, by Sebastian Brandt, was one of the most famous books ever written. It passed into translations and adaptations throughout Europe. There were French, Latin, and English versions. The famous woodcuts gave it the vogue of a modern film and best-seller combined. In the *Cambridge Modern History*, Henry Charles Lea wrote at pompous length of it as "paving the way for the Reformation" and "the embodiment of humanistic teaching." He found Protestantism oozing through the planks of the sinking ship of Holy Church. "The Church is never referred to as the means through which the pardon of sin and the grace of God are to be attained; Confession is alluded to in passing once or twice, but not the intercession of the Virgin and the saints, and there is no intimation that the offices of the Church are essential." Father Pompen quotes Lea at length in his Introduction, and quietly adds, "If the reader will turn back to this quotation after he has read my book he will probably find that nearly every sentence needs serious revision!" We commend this challenge to the editors of the *Cambridge Modern History*. We have found it unanswerable. For instance, he quotes a most beautiful Envoy or Invocation to the Blessed Virgin Mary, showing that Dr. Lea cannot have read the original.

We have a serious suggestion to make. The *Cambridge Modern History* encumbers our shelves. It is full of materials and of contradictions. Catholics have often complained. We remember Mgr. Barnes's serious strictures in the *Cambridge Review* on Mr. Pollock's treatment of James II. Writers like Mr. Pollock and Dr. Lea are hopelessly prejudiced from the Protestant point of view. But Catholics have not been alone in their complaints. The criticisms of the *Cambridge Modern History* would fill a small volume, which if published by the Cambridge

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Press would make a welcome addition and corrective to the work as a whole, which in spite of Lord Acton's subscription has failed to win any universal approbation. To quote Lord Acton's prophetic phrase, Father Pompen only shows up one more "historian in Buckram."

The real point which Father Pompen proves is that Barclay's famous English version was not taken from the German at all, but from Locker's Latin and Rivière's French. Now Locker's *Navis Stultifera* was a "travesty palmed off on the public as a real translation." The German book was "the product of a glowing indignation tempered with the pedantry of a Humanist." Locker "exaggerates the pedantry and leaves the indignation only dimly discernible." However, Alexander Barclay, a priest living at Ottery St. Mary in Devonshire during the reign of Henry VII, often improves on his originals. It becomes in his hands a great, if dull, piece of English satire, but full of valuable social and linguistic information. But the myth of German influence must be scattered. The Latin, on which the English is based, "has very little in common with the German original except the woodcuts." After entirely dismissing the traditional view, Father Pompen concludes that "the printing press did not establish any new literary relations. Both the Early and Late Renaissance came from France, but the New Learning in a religious sense came from Germany." So when Professor Morgan of the University of Wisconsin writes of "scores of translations in the sixteenth century," Father Pompen has no difficulty in pulping his list and rendering a service to the History of English letters.

We come to the book itself, which is a pyramid of erudition and comparative quotation. Making a running résumé of the original Brandt, Father Pompen quotes freely and judiciously from the French, Latin, and English versions. The result is not necessarily "a scientific Wembley." It affords an astonishingly interesting insight into sixteenth-century letters in Europe. Apart from the quaint sarcastic work of Barclay and Watson, the two English writers, who furnish many a sound Saxon proverb

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and many a good word, now lost, and more is the pity! we obtain a most curious study of the talpine ways of translators. Any patriotic reference to France was quietly changed into Tudor values by the English translators. "They would not skip anything, and they were too peaceful to indulge in angry controversy, but silently and carefully removed the garlands from the foreign statues and placidly carried them to their own national sanctuary." The ways of translators are ingenious enough. Father Pompen shows how Locker's epithet for *Invidia-glaucha*, the green-eyed one, was taken by the French for a fish, which appears thus in Watson's version: "These envious are more bitterer than the gall of the fish Glauca"! When Barclay discards Locker for Rivière for a moment, his punctilious editor traces the side-movement through the corruption of Thyestes into Theseus and Rivière's marginal reference to Boccacio. "Barclay must have seen this note, and it must have impressed him so much that he looked up to Rivière as a scholar." Father Pompen is almost uncanny in creeping behind the arras of the workshops of writers of four centuries past. He puts his finger on their mistakes and successes and pettiness and scholarship until Alexander Barclay comes back alive to us from his West Country House of Religion.

The book itself, describing mediaeval folly in all shapes and characters and sizes, is something between an Encyclopaedia and a Proverbial Philosophy. Father Pompen has arranged his comparisons under headings as various as: The Seven Deadly Sins, Turkish Danger, Pluralities, Talking in Choir, Lawyers, Physicians, Defence of the Carthusians. It is interesting that sarcasm of the religious orders is abated by the repute of that wonderful Order—*numquam reformata quia numquam deformata*. Lines like—

. . . if any which hath that gift of grace
For to despise this world's wretchedness
Withdrawing himself to some solitary place,

to Father Pompen "sound like an admonition of Thomas à Kempis transposed to the tone of direct satire." Barclay

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is far from showing Protestant influence. He criticizes the religious who have failed to keep to the standard of their holy founders. He is an ardent lover of the Saints, whom he invokes despite Dr. Lea. There is no mistaking such lines as—

O holy Benet, with God now glorified,
O glorious Austen, O Francis decorate!
With meekness the places that ye have edified
Are now disordered and with vices maculate.

To what extent these "vices" were widespread or not, Father Bompens quotes Mr. Egerton Beck as against Mr. Coulton, and convincingly. Barclay, far from contemning the priesthood as Mr. Lea imagines from his cursory study of *The Ship of Fools*, reserves his indignation for those who unworthily enter Orders, which to him were Holy and Sacramental—

The Order of Priesthood is troubled of each fool,
Such caitiffs and courtiers that never were at school.

He criticizes the Fools who talk in Choir or are rashly ordained; Fools who collect the richly-bound books they never read; messengers who never deliver their messages; cooks and butlers who devour their masters' goods. They are all Fools!

Eat we and drink we, therefore, without all care.
It is a royal thing thus lustily to fare
With others' meat! Thus revel we alway;
Spare not the pot, another shall it pay.

Among Fools are included those who study Logic uselessly and endlessly.

Homo est asinus is cause of much strife,
Thus pass forth these fools the days of their life.

And Fools pursue knowledge from University to University. The academic list is interesting—

To Parys, Padway, Lumbardy or Spayne,
To Cayne, to Tolows, Athenys or Colayne."

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Coloyne in mediaeval English verse more often rhymes with Bologne, and Father Pompen thinks Lovayne was probably the right word. As Father Pompen says: "Barclay will rhyme you anything. If he had been among the Canterbury pilgrims, we should have had the Parson's merry tale in rhyme." Astrologers, too, are Fools, and the famous mediaevalism *sapiens dominabitur astris* is reversed—

A man of wisdom, virtue and science,
If he the ways of vices set aside
Shall guide the stars, and they shall him not guide.

Customs officers were inclined to give trouble for they are shrewdly hit—

Or else, if he can be a false extortioner
He shall be made a common customer
As each hope, of Lynn, Calais or of Dieppe.

Lawyers cannot escape the satirist in this world or judgement in the next—

There shall be no bail nor treating of mainprise,
Nor worldly wisdom there shall nothing prevail :
There shall be no delays until another 'size,
But either "Quit" or "To infernal gaol!"

The shrewd honest touch of homely English satire reaches its best in the writing of this wise old priest. Flights of imagination there are none, nor great music of metre nor courage of words. We cull at random and substitute modern spelling in this as in previous citations. There is experience in—

When a great thing for little price is bought,
It signifieth that it is stolen or nought.

Of the backbiting tongue—

Breaking the bones, God wot, of many one,
Howbeit the tongue within it hath no bone.

Not with too many strings but with too many bolts—(the Fool)—

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That draweth three bolts in one bow,
At one mark shall shoot too high or too low.

Of women—in heavy irony—

They cannot speak, but are as coy and still
As the horlewind or clapper of a mill.

It is interesting to recall that “horlewind” is the Douai word for a whirlwind. “Elias ascended by a horlewind into heaven.”

Of drunkards—with a Shakespearean touch—

If they did not “swear a prayer or two,”
With great devotion they get them to the ale.

Of those who wait to stand in dead men’s shoes—

For such as they most gladly dead would have,
Eateth of that goose that grazeth on their grave.

In the famous account of Hereticks or “sowers of zianies” as Watson calls them, Father Pompen points out that “Heretics were the revolutionaries, the Bolsheviks of that time; their punishment was considered fully deserved, and the cruelties of the judicial procedure did not cause much excitement.”

Barclay is a Catholic in his interpretation of *The Ship of Fools* as many a quotation will show. There is real pathos in the lines opposite the realistic woodcut of the Fool spear-ing a Crucifix—

The Lord that died to rid them out of pain,
They have good will to tear His Heart again.

Fools are silent only at Confession—

Their tongues are lost, and they sit as dumb.

Fools swear by the Holy Mass—

In every bargain, in alehouse, and at board,
The Holy Mass is ever the second word.

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This is hardly a sign of Protestant feeling. As for his recommendation of Confession, which Dr. Lea does not seem to have noticed—

Ensue the counsel of a wise confessor,
Take not cold water instead of vermeil wine;
For much sweetness endure thou a little sour,
Keep well the diet and three-fold medicine.

The Turkish danger calls for Christian Union, beginning with Scotland and England—

If the English Lion his wisdom and riches
Conjoin with true love, peace and fidelity,
With the Scottish Unicorn's might and hardiness,
There is no doubt but all whole Christianity
Shall live in peace, wealth and tranquillity.

Barclay was a patriot, but, like most patriots, could make a mistake. Henry the Eighth having succeeded, Barclay pliantly wrote—

Though that we Britons be fully separate
From all the world, as is seen by evidence,
Walled with the sea, and long been in debate
By insurrection, yet God hath made defence
By His provision, ordained us a prince
In all virtues most noble and excellent.
This prince is Harry, clean of conscience,
Smelling as the Rose—aye fresh and redolent.

Barclay is a stern moralist, with a touch of Blake

For were not proud clothing and also fleshly lust,
All the fetters and gyves of England should rust.

And there is an echo not so much of coming Puritanism as of the past Morality Play in—

My faithful fellow is bestial Drunkenness;
Thy Pursuivant is dreadful worldly Shame.

Dr. Lea's sweeping paragraph in the *Cambridge Modern History* has been swept out by Father Pompen's book. As for the German influences—"France gave the lead in

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Literature as well as in customs, and morals and dress. . . . Germany remained a *terra incognita* all through the Middle Ages. . . . Custom had perhaps become first acquainted with the printing press at Cologne. Wynkyn de Worde was a German himself. But neither of them introduced any German literature into England. The Anglicized German himself preferred a bad French version to the good original of the most famous work that Germany had produced in the fifteenth century." Father Pompen has restored Barclay's masterpiece to the working libraries of England as well as to Barclay's scholarly successors in the Houses of Religion.

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M R. A. GORDON SMITH'S *Short History of Medieval England* (Burns Oates and Washbourne) covers the period from the battle of Ethandune to the battle of Bosworth, that is, from 878 to 1485. It is an excellent bit of work, and should undoubtedly become the textbook for the period in all Catholic secondary schools; for Mr. Smith deals admirably with topics which are generally so inadequately treated in the ordinary textbooks, the relations, that is, between Church and State. He divides his work into three sections, dealing in turn with the early Middle Ages, from Ethandune to the death of Stephen, "the medieval kingdom" from 1154 to the end of the thirteenth century, and the decline, which carries the story on to the death of Richard III. In the text there are genealogical tables, chronological summaries, maps, and plans; and in some useful appendices are to be found lists of the kings, popes, and archbishops of Canterbury, together with notes on early English institutions, the Holy Roman Empire, money and prices, etc. Each of the three sections has something of urgent importance to Catholic students: in the first, there is the question of investitures; in the second, the disputes regarding ecclesiastical immunities and provisions; and at the end of the third a short summary of the condition of the Church in England at the coming of the Tudors, and therein a caution in regard to the literature of clerical scandals.

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In matters of dispute between Church and State Mr. Smith always sets out the case with perfect frankness, pointing out that there was usually something to be said for the State even in the fiercest struggles with the papacy. The first great fight was over the question of investitures; that is, the bestowal of bishoprics and abbacies by the King and the giving seisin thereof by ring and staff. The Church naturally objected to this, but as Mr. Smith points out, "bishops were important feudatories with no small military resources at their disposal," and "it was necessary therefore for the King to have a say in their appointment." The struggle began in this country in the time of the Conqueror, but was only brought to an issue in 1106, when it was agreed that newly-appointed bishops were to do homage for lands held from the Crown before their consecration, that translated bishops were to take an oath of fealty but having been consecrated were not to do homage, and that "the investiture with ring and staff was not to be performed by a layman." These facts are of course common property, but Mr. Smith's comment helps to the better understanding of this and other similar matters. The King, he notes, had still the power of influencing elections and so of indirectly appointing his own man, and therefore it has been argued that the compromise turned on mere outward forms. "That, however, is to misunderstand the whole question at issue. The Church was entering on a period of her existence when the growth of secular power was threatening her own autonomy. An outpost line had to be chosen beyond which there could be no retreat. That line was selected almost arbitrarily—now the question of investitures, now that of the jurisdiction of ecclesiastical courts. They were questions which had perhaps only temporary importance, and in other circumstances might not be insisted upon. The investiture dispute was a matter on which the Church *at that particular time* felt it would be dangerous to surrender, and as such it is typical of the relations which subsisted between the Church and the State in the Middle Ages." This makes a difficult matter intelligible; and Mr. Smith's summary of papal

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policy may be applied to the yet more difficult dispute between St. Thomas and Henry II. Then the King's claim was, it must be conceded, reasonable. St. Thomas's reason for objecting to it was wrong in principle; he objected that to punish a criminous clerk after degradation would be double punishment for one offence, but this is precisely what happened again and again with the sanction of the authorities—Savonarola will serve as an example. But it was necessary to check an advance fraught with danger, and Mr. Smith points out that "St. Thomas's attitude was dictated, not by a blind conservatism which clings to indefensible abuses, but by an appreciation of the fact that a particular action of the State, taken at that particular time, would seriously endanger the principle of the Church's independence. The overwhelming moral effect of his martyrdom preserved that independence intact till the Reformation."

Another great bone of contention was the question of provisions, that is of appointments by the pope to English benefices, such appointment to take effect on a vacancy occurring. Oddly enough, the abuse of this power may be traced to Magna Charta, one clause of which apparently secured free elections to bishoprics: this clause, however, "had an important, but unforeseen, result in the collusion which grew up between the King and the Pope, and which lasted unto the Reformation, whereby, instead of exerting his influence over the ordinary canonical elections, the King secured the appointment directly from Rome of his own candidates in the more important sees, in return for his connivance at a general practice of papal 'provisions' throughout the rest of the Church." This matter cannot be gone into here, it would take too much space. Mr. Smith deals with it in a perfectly straightforward way, and his summary, showing the ill-effect of the papal policy on the relations between England and Rome, is all that could be desired; but perhaps it is worth while to recall to mind that two of the greatest opponents of the system were St. Edmund of Canterbury and the Franciscan Bishop Grosseteste of Lincoln. Speaking of the latter he calls

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attention to the fact that, misled by "an obviously forged letter, purporting to have been addressed to the Pope in the last year of Grosseteste's life, and by one or two equally mendacious passages in the chronicler Matthew Paris, the credulity of certain modern historians has led them to see in this most Catholic Bishop of Lincoln an actual precursor of the Protestant Reformation." It is well that a caveat should be entered in respect of Matthew Paris.

Mr. Smith has, too, some useful notes on mortmain, and on appropriations of benefices, as he says, especially to monasteries, but it should not be forgotten that hospitals and the secular chapters of cathedral and collegiate churches also shared in the plunder of the parish churches. Nor is the Statute of Praemunire overlooked; this was really aimed at appeals to Rome, but Mr. Smith tells us that it was constantly ignored with the connivance of the King, and he might have added that there is no record of any conviction under it.

A second edition of this important work will certainly be needed, and therefore two or three points may be noted for correction or alteration. On p. 95 there is a trivial misprint, Barri for Bari. Then the note on p. 126 on benefit of clergy is, as it stands, misleading, for the privilege was not finally abolished till 1827, up to which days it was still available in the case of certain felonies. And perhaps, too, the notes on the religious orders on pp. 99 to 101 might be modified. Speaking of the Carthusians, it is stated that each member of the community "said his office privately and only met his fellows in the monastery church on Sundays and on greater festivals." Surely this is wrong? Nowadays the Carthusians meet daily in their church for the conventional mass, lauds, and vespers of the day, and for the office of the dead on days which are not double feasts. Is there any reason for believing that the original use was different from this? It might be interesting, too, to note that the Premonstratensians were not unique among canons regular in having central government: the canons of Arronaise and those of St. Victor were established on the same plan, and both orders were represented in England;

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and, at a somewhat later date, there were the Canons of the Holy Cross, commonly known as the crutched friars, who also had houses in this country, to say nothing of the Trinitarians, who, too, were regarded as canons regular. As to canons regular in general, of course the term Black Canons has nothing to do with the rule of St. Augustine, as the text inadvertently suggests, but is derived from their black mantle. It is perfectly true that the first house of canons observing the rule of St. Augustine was established at Colchester, but there is good reason for thinking that they were not the first canons regular in England: the story of Barnwell is suggestive, but the point will only be cleared up if and when further particulars of the early history of Huntingdon Priory come to light.

Should Mr. Smith be disposed to accept these suggestions he will undoubtedly soon be in a position to act upon them. *The Short History of Medieval England* is undoubtedly the best textbook of the period which has so far been produced; and both Mr. Smith and his publishers deserve all praise for their service to the cause of historical truth, and their only adequate reward would be the wholesale adoption of the book in our schools.

E. B.

"OUT of ten men you shall not find one to-day who knows more than his name and perhaps the title of his great book. Ninety-nine in a hundred would be unable to give the smallest detail of his life and work. From being the favourite author of our ancestors he has passed into the limbo of exploded philosophers." Such was the lament of the Rev. H. F. Stewart when writing his book on the sixth-century philosopher and statesman Anicius Manlius Severinus Boethius. Thanks, however, to the labours of Belford Bax, James, Sedgefield, Turner, Stewart and Rand, the Latin philosopher's prison-book, *The Consolation of Philosophy*, has become more familiar to the thinking people of England. It may be that, disappointed with the vagaries of modern philosophies, men are more prepared than ever to accept the ancient heritage

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seized upon so readily by King Alfred, Chaucer and the scholastics. In any case, a much keener appreciation is being shown for the *Consolation* which once found honourable company amongst the incunabula of our libraries. The recent edition of Boethius' *De Consolatione Philosophiae* (Burns Oates and Washbourne) by the late Dr. Adrian Fortescue, is a most welcome contribution to the philosophy of the great Anician. Unfortunately it is the last work of a profound scholar who died when it was all but completed. Dr. Fortescue's surviving colleague, Rev. G. D. Smith, D.D., assisted by fellow professors, has added further laurels to the College at Ware by his successful completion of this posthumous work. The book is splendidly printed (in Latin throughout) on two hundred and thirty pages of finest paper, is artistically bound, and contains, besides scholarly footnotes, dissertations on the life and religion of Boethius, appendices on "Providence and Fate" and "The world perpetual," and a remarkable bibliography. An interesting account of translators and imitators of the work, along with a useful index, brings the book to a close. A noteworthy feature in the notes is the metrical scheme which, placed near the verse passages, explains the use of the thirteen different metres employed by Boethius in the poems, which are so effectively interspersed between the prose dialogues. The description of the relationship between the Eastern Emperor and the Roman Senate is another novelty which considerably helps to a more accurate view of the period. The book bears clearly the impress of that taste, refinement and critical faculty which characterizes all Dr. Fortescue's writings. The world since the sixth century began has ever been charmed into sympathy by the unusually lucid and graceful diction of Boethius' dialogue between Philosophy and himself, her unjustly imprisoned champion, once the oracle of his Arian monarch and the idol of his countrymen. To relieve the prose discourse, wherein the exiled prisoner complains of the frowns of Fortune and the fickleness of friends, delicate gems of poetry are gracefully inserted to illustrate the arguments and afford the mind rest from the

De Consolatione Philosophiae

philosophic strain. The complaints and despondency of Boethius disappear as his Guide proves the triumph of Virtue over Evil and the vanity of Fortune's gifts. She explains to him true happiness and false, fortune good and ill, leading him by maxims of no debased pagan philosophy to the universally alluring themes of Free Will and God's Foreknowledge, until he learns that "God, Who foreknoweth all things, still looks down from above, and the ever-present eternity of His vision concurs with the future character of all our acts, and dispensemeth to the good rewards, to the bad punishments. Our hopes and prayers also are not fixed on God in vain, and when they are rightly directed cannot fail of effect" (H. R. James' translation). It is hardly to be wondered at that this golden volume, rightly called "the light of a thousand years," should have leavened the literature of Europe and ranked as second only to the Scriptures as a source of strength and consolation throughout the Middle Ages. By his translations Boethius had bequeathed to his countrymen a priceless legacy in view of the centuries of darkness to follow. He gave them rich stores from the treasure-house of the Greek sages—books on music, logic, geometry, philosophy, arithmetic, etc. His *gens* was noble and Christian for centuries, the wealthiest and most powerful in Rome, famous for the numbers it gave alike to Church and State. He had held with success the highest positions of the city, and fearlessly defended a decadent Senate against plotters from within and unscrupulous Goths without. Betrayed, condemned in his absence and exiled, he wrote in prison the crowning work of his life. He had already written, as is now generally admitted, theological tractates (including one of the Trinity), as even Professor Bury grants, though he mars his confession by adding, "This religion, however, did not influence his pagan spirit" (!) Yet amid his sorrows and with doom impending, Boethius does not mention the name of Christ. His silence here has given rise to theories against his orthodoxy. Judged by this false standard, neither Minucius Felix nor Ausonius was a Christian. But one finds comfort in the words of St. Augustine (*Conf.*,

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ix, 4), who tells us Alypius made it a rule never to mention the name of Christ in philosophic works of this kind. It is only from the viewpoint of the philosopher's lineage, associates, and religious tracts that this crowning work of his life can be fairly judged.

"Boethius was without doubt a Christian, a doctor, and perhaps a martyr" (Stewart). But ruthlessly despising all tradition and relying in the main upon the argument *ex silentio*, a host of adverse critics have smothered the text of Boethius beneath worthless commentaries and dimmed his ancient glory. The publication of such a work as the late Dr. Fortescue's lifts up the veil of ignorance or prejudice and vindicates the traditional view regarding the Christianity of the "last of the Romans." It forces one to ask the question why Boethius so easily avoids the pitfalls in the various philosophies, writing nothing peculiarly pagan nor anti-Christian, but cautiously opposing Aristotle, Plato, Porphyry, Proclus Victorinus and the Stoicks in arguments which tell against the Christian belief. The joy one feels in studying this new book is tempered by the fruitless wish that the hand which so nobly penned it might have been spared to complete the courageous work of Drs. Stewart and Rand (Loeb Series) and give to the world the theological tracts of Boethius with full critical apparatus. Modern disciples of the Schoolmen especially might profitably respond to the appeal of Dr. Fortescue in what are possibly his last written words: "Draw near to the Christian Boethius that you may learn what a powerful remedy Philosophy gives to her scholars in affliction." H. M.

IN *The English Country Gentleman* (Hurst and Blackett) the Hon. Neville Lytton begins with an engagingly discursive Preface which is, in a sense, an apology. He is afraid that he may figure as the Jack of all Trades but Master of None. His painter friends may say, "He has a real gift for writing"; and his literary friends, "If only he would stick to painting, he would be a great man." But versatility is not always a distraction,

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and Mr. Lytton is, we think, as a painter a much greater man than has generally been said; and at the same time his writing is sufficiently good to silence any of his self-consciousness about it. Sir Joshua, as he knows, could paint and lecture too; and, in his own family, he has seen, two generations back, a novelist who was also a playwright and a Secretary of State, without this capacity at all weakening that; and, one generation ago, a man of talent whose Indian Viceroyalty did not make his verses any better or worse. This younger son has, indeed, something beyond his dualism with brush and pen to commend him for the task he has undertaken in this volume: he is a master of many sports, a champion tennis-player.

Mr. Lytton questions, with a certain fit derision, how the idea of caste originated: "If Adam was the first man, he was certainly not the first gentleman, for we know that it takes several generations to make a gentleman." Conundrums apart, Mr. Lytton declares:

The eighteenth-century English gentleman was a magnificent creature: he was sporting in the best sense of the word; but not merely sporting. He read Homer, Virgil, Horace; he adored music, poetry and all the fine arts; and, when he made the grand tour, he earned a reputation in foreign countries for style, generosity, and distinction; and he returned home with a collection of pictures and works of art that put to shame the taste of the curators of our museums. How can we wonder, then, at the pride of these gentlemen?

A fancy picture. The Arundels and the Evelyns can be counted on the five fingers, when the illiterate fox-hunting squires among their contemporaries, who loved their quarts and not their quartos, and their port more than their portfolios, were numbered by thousands. Mr. Lytton hardly improves his case by quoting Congreve as prouder of being a gentleman than of being a dramatist. That pride in a figment rather than in an achievement marks the vulgarity of the man who makes it. The worst of the many vanities attributed to Byron is that of his preferring to be known as a lord rather than as a man of letters. The eighteenth-century squire has Mr. Lytton's praise also for

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his dress and fashion, and he goes on to speak of portraits that display "this feeling for elegance and refinement." But his frontispiece, "Squire Nicholson," is, after all, more true to type. In face, in manner, in fortune, the Squire Westerns are persons of the past :

The squires of the future will have to work to gain a sufficient income to be able to maintain an estate. The old idea that an estate can provide an income sufficient to maintain a squire has vanished for ever.

So many of Mr. Lytton's opinions and sentiments are those of a superior judgement and of a delightful personality, that one rather laments to light on passages in which he takes neither himself nor his readers seriously; and, so high is our estimate of his discernment, that we resent the trifling more even on his account than on our own. But others of his digressions—the whole book is made up of them—allow us to wander agreeably with him at will. He is introduced to Suzanne Lenglen :

At first I was overcome at the thought of having a private "close up" of such a goddess, but confidence returned to me after a few "open turns," and when she said, with her charming French accent, "And you, do you play tennis?" I replied, "Yes, mademoiselle—do you?"

And of another smart retort he is the chronicler :

Beaumont College challenged Eton (at football or cricket, I forget which). The answer of Eton is well known : "Winchester we know; Harrow we have heard of; but who are you?" The counter-answer of Beaumont is less well known : "We now are what you once were—a school for English Catholic gentlemen."

A sixth of the whole volume is devoted to a sketch of Wilfrid Scawen Blunt—another conscious irrelevance, for none could be a less normal country gentleman than he. He was that in perfection; but, being so much more than that, he cannot without mockery be reduced from his great status as a citizen of all the world. Like his cousin, George Wyndham (who else could begin to be coupled with him?),

The Country Gentleman

he had every gift and grace that, in another environment, would have established his mastery over the minds and hearts of men : adventurous as Raleigh; gallant as Sidney—a poet surpassing one and equal to either; of a personal beauty without precedent; a potential fine painter and sculptor, as his performance proves; a Sussex patriot, who yet broke through all bounds to love his fellows far afield, and to value as his own their freedom. Mr. Lytton—who became in very early life his son-in-law—does not share his political opinions; and he traduces the self-sacrificial efforts made by Wilfrid Blunt to give effect to them. When serious biography is in hand, he has a *flair* for surprises that sometimes wound far more than they amuse. He does not caricature—he transforms. We recall that he once painted a fine portrait of Bernard Shaw after the pattern of Velasquez's Pope; and we are left to wonder what Medici or Borgia he had the fancy to incorporate with his pen-picture of Wilfrid Blunt. We will not grudge Mr. Lytton his part as moralist in private matters concerning his father-in-law, though elsewhere it is a part conspicuously absent from his pages. Wilfrid Blunt made no secret of his failures to fulfil his ideals: he made his confessions in verse with the candour of an Augustine, though it was not until the end of his life—and none lamented the delay more than he—that his penitence more closely associated him with the saint.

W. M.

PARNELL passed as a great man; and in proportion to his height among his fellows was the depth of his fall. That is but a law of nature. The greater he was, the greater his obligations. He was a leader of men in a cause which he had served with a fine fortitude in the face of foes; but which he knowingly and deliberately sacrificed for a private affection. In *Parnell*, by St. John Ervine (Ernest Benn), we have a biography of vivid power in everything but its condonations. Parnell knew the distress for which he could command a remedy if he kept a clean hand; and he did not keep it. His patriotic flame went out in a private

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amour. He knew the consequences—a divided party, a distracted country; the triumphant chuckle of his foes. It might be a chuckle charged with alien venom; but he knew it would be there at the service of politicians in need of just such a confederate. Nelson is never taunted about his Emma; but, even among the lax, Parnell must be branded for his Kate. All partisan passions and hypocrisies apart, the great act of treachery remains; and though it is condoned by Mr. Ervine, the enormity of its selfishness again stands out starkly from his pages. We must no longer expect in the general press a condemnation of breaches of the moral law; but that a violation of the ties that humanly bind colleagues and countrymen should pass uncensured by a man of great acumen and power as a writer still comes as a surprise. We are accustomed to open hostility to the Christian law; though here and there Mr. Ervine's gibes rather exceed the ordinary; and we note, with unusual pleasure, that Mr. Garvin has taken public occasion to say that the fact of the book's dedication to himself must not lead anyone to identify him with its author's attitude towards the Church.

If Parnell had felt and said that he was sorry for the havoc he had made, the generous pity that followed him to his grave would have earlier been his. Instead, there was a contumacy that made for war, and war at its ugliest worst. Mr. Ervine quotes many of the epithets used by Parnell's opponents in the heat of the fray, especially those of the present President of the Free State. We doubt not that in to-day's calm many or most of these are regretted by their surviving speakers; but does Mr. Ervine do well to omit the tatterdemalion taunts, that often preceded and provoked these, spoken by Parnell and his friends? Even the "gutter-snipe" will turn. These are but accidents where the essential thing is the infidelity of Mrs. O'Shea to her husband and of Parnell to his mission. "There is no way out of this miserable business unless we are prepared to assert that a high and undeniable devotion excuses everything." But who is to judge of its height? What is the test? Could either say to the other: "I cannot be—Faithful to God and faithless unto thee." The love-letters

Parnell

Mrs. O'Shea has published do not convince us of even a passion such as that for which, on mere sentimental reckonings, a world might be well lost. Considering what battles had to be fought and won before Parnell was hailed by his confiding fellows as "the uncrowned King of Ireland," it irks us to find the phrase bandied about by illicit lovers. He calls her "my Queenie"; he calls himself "your King." And Mr. Ervine is too sweeping in his generalities: "We fall back on the fact that in these matters neither men nor women stop to examine the tables of morality." No? Life leaves us under quite a different impression.

We have confined ourselves to a consideration of the book's central point—the one that concerns us most. The fact that we are at opposites with Mr. Ervine in this does not prevent us from paying to his less controversial part as a biographer a very warm word of praise. W. M.

IN *More Changes, More Chances* (Nisbet) we have Mr. Henry W. Nevinson's continuation of the *Changes and Chances* widely read two years ago. This volume is the story of a very able journalist's career for another ten years, ending with the beginning of the Great War. Journals are opportunist—they must, like politicians, please their public. But there are journalists who are anything but opportunists, and Mr. Nevinson is one of their number. He could not always dance to the piping of the editors or proprietors of papers such as the *Daily Chronicle* or the *Daily News*, and he left lucrative posts rather than accept mere briefs. Not that he has been a leader of forlorn hopes—a brief space has often brought the world round to his once lonelier way of thinking :

Greece has been almost entirely released from Turkish mis-government, and so has Macedonia. The Boers, united with Britons, compose an almost independent South African State. Thousands of slaves have been repatriated from San Thomé and Principe, and the whole system of Portuguese slavery has been mitigated. The Russian Tsardom has been overthrown, and self-government in India has been greatly advanced. Woman suffrage

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has been established, and women sit in Parliament; and Ireland has obtained a measure of self-government incredible to the Home Rulers of twenty, or even ten, years ago. For all these "under-dogs" I have done what little a journalist in my position could do, and now all these under-dogs stand on top.

Nevinson wrote always of what he knew. He was a man literally upon the spot; Europe, not to name the East, was the oyster which he with pen would open. In the streets of Moscow, sharp-shooters at work, he took his risks under a sense of duty to see everything, finding even many peaceable citizens "possessed by the curious instinct which drives the gentlest men and women to witness war and death."

In the streets of London he knew turmoil, when the militant suffragettes were taking Zangwill's advice to them to spare no panes and to leave no stone unturned in order to win, as they did win, the vote; and the account here given of that movement is so good that we do not hope to see a better. Incidentally, the time-serving treachery of politicians, criminal parasites of party, is made evident—a class by whose mere incompetence already every little Briton will be born a bankrupt for another century or so, a class for whom Nevinson has the contempt which is likely to become a universal sentiment.

Events, one thinks, even tragic events, might well become as stale to a participator in them as words have become to those who most use them. But places never lost their freshness for Nevinson. In sight of the first silver gleam that meant snow upon the summit of the Caucasus, he has to say: "And let me die if the approach to mountains does not always make my heart leap up." People, too, have kept for him their individuality—they are not the mere herd. We meet in his pages men and women as we knew or know them in life:

When I returned from India, Wilfrid Scawen Blunt sent for me, and in his Diaries he has recorded that on entering I looked so grave he thought I had come with hostile intent. Far otherwise! My natural shyness made me grave at finding myself in the presence of that redoubtable old figure, so democratic a champion of free-

More Changes, More Chances

dom, so despotic an aristocrat at heart, so fine a breeder of horses, and so unusual a poet.

That is a stranger's first rapid sketch, recognizable in broad touches, which need magnifying here, adjusting there. Again, during his fourteen months' service on the *Daily News*:

J. L. Garvin I then began to know, and have since met too rarely, though always with peculiar delight, for he is like a high-tempered colt—eyes, mind, pen and tongue always going full-gallop, and in any direction so long as the pace is rapid, but in the end quite sure to come forward along the fine and ennobling course.

And:

Not for the first time nor, happily, for the last, I frequently met Hilaire Belloc and G. K. Chesterton. I don't know why they are always bracketed together, for they differ widely in temperament, though their principles and aims seem much the same. To me they illustrated the meaning and the power of the Queen Anne "Wits," but I preferred to picture them as two stalwart countrymen seated on a bench beside their beer, while over their rollicking heads creaked the sign of "The Jolly Christian."

Only a sign-board portrait, of course; and with a stress on the jollity rather than on the Christianity, though it is the nobly serious aspect of both men that the artist is by far the best fitted to comprehend. A mention of Sir Ronald Ross, "who saved thousands of mankind from malaria," leads to the further well-deserved recognition of his as "the only great lyrics ever written by a man of scientific genius." During the Bulgarian War (1912) he had contact with Francis McCullagh, fresh from the Italian massacre of Arabs in Tripoli, and honoured for "his gallant protest against that crime of cruelty." At Sofia appeared Philip Gibbs, "a pale and beautiful apparition," artist for *The Graphic*, but recognized by Nevinson as a possible fine war-correspondent, and taken into instant training:

I am proud to say that he so greatly benefited by my instruction that in the Great War he became, I think, the most popular writer in both hemispheres. I admit his strong character furthered the learning I imparted, for when the Bulgarian Staff sent back some

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thirty or forty of the correspondents, as well they might, Gibbs refused to go! He quietly went to bed and had to be dragged out by a squad of soldiers with fixed bayonets. But he appealed to the long arm of England, and when, within a week or so, he was back, I foretold for him the remarkable career he has since made for himself.

To Sir Philip indeed belongs the praise due to any Christian who writes about war without forgetting his Christianity. With the gravity of high questioning he regards a violence which violates the letter and spirit of many a precept of the Gospel, and which makes, we now know, a poor return, even to victors in it, for the cruelty and poverty it inflicts. That the valiant author of this volume has himself never written with levity or callousness of infractions of the Law of Love in human affairs is his best introduction to serious and unsophisticated readers.

W. M.

WE know of no book that has impressed us so disturbingly as *The Red Horse*, by "Christopher Rover" (Grant Richards, 7s. 6d.). We mean with regard to the immediate future of Europe, including "Russia." We put commas round "Russia," for how anyone can usefully group under one name peoples with temperaments as widely apart as those of Scots and Corsicans, we cannot tell. Sofia Pavlovna tells the first tale in her own person. You meet her at home in the country, then in Moscow during the War and under the Revolutions. That she should pass through grim suffering is little. What concerns us is the lack of mental stability, one would judge, in all parties concerned with the Russian future. This would seem due to influences far more ancient than Tsarism as such. Personally, we hold it due to Russian Christianity having come from Byzantium and not from Rome; but we cannot argue that, save to say that if Christianity had not entered Rome, the peculiar sort of decadence to which Petronius witnesses—a kind of nightmare where thought cannot any more control mental sequences, let alone choice—would have spread as, in fact, it did not. And Russian

The Red Horse

literature has always had, to us, a Petronian flavour. We have felt that Russians (of all sorts, perhaps) were apt to slip from one impression to another without shock, so that abrupt alternations of devotion, cruelty, tenderness and lust astonish us not the least in the world when we register them there. Hence when Sofia passes from a naïve girlhood to a dogged mothering of her futile brother and thence to becoming the mistress of an aged prince (the father, in fact, of her fiancé), and thence to the project of suicide checked only by pity for the ragged children she sees from the window when she meant to throw herself, we never once revolt. The author uses the skill of Conrad in registering these impalpable edgeless moods (as in the description of the native girl in *Almayer's Folly*, for example). This is the more devastating since he has the clear-sightedness and economy of language proper to a Frenchman, along with the firmness of touch that can be due only to first-hand experience. The book is, too, a document revealing the collapse of the Bolshevik ideals. Killar, who for all we know may be Lenin, insists that his tragedy is not that he has (like all the leaders) ceased to believe in Communism, but that he believes in no substitute. He even dreams of becoming a Catholic, since Catholicism has at least the virtue of being untried. But "we are in a state of mind in which everything seems equally idiotic and futile." Sofia makes it clear to Killar that even his Communist principles came from personal experiences only, and he agrees. She continues: "You stand for yourselves, and in reality you have never stood for anything else. It paid you at one time to have principles, as now it pays you to compromise. You never really believed in your principles, any more than you now believe in your compromise. But you are only just finding it out; and it is a terrible moment when one loses faith in all that one has lived for." This may be but the bitterness of a girl who finds that she, too, has had no principles. But her ultimate diagnosis concerns, she perceives, all the Russians. Prince Troubolensky said that "Russians cannot live without sensation of whatever sort." Hence he

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could not live without playing on emotion. "Emotion was the instrument which he had strung with the fibres of his being, and I had been an implement with which he had plucked the chords according to the tune of his humour." "If (Russians) continue to pluck at their own being to obtain the notes, they will wear themselves out." We foresee nothing for Russia save the complete disintegration of the present and, indeed, of any general régime, and then the implanting, in that vast field, of many Benedictine monasteries and the diffusion of scholastic realist philosophy. Thus was Europe made. Perhaps this may remake Russia.

The last story, by taking the history of a Flemish village in three successive years of the War, is a grave indictment of War as an instrument for creating (yes, we remember people expected it) brotherly love among, at least, the allied. "The sad thing is that, although we all finish so badly, we all start so well. . . . In all cases the effort required was too long. . . . I talked a lot about intuition and character, and I was wrong. But you talked as much about intellect and education. It seems that they are one and all equally insufficient, equally ineffective in preserving that interior peace we once had. What is the solution?" The young officer who thus wrote to a friend about the progressive downfall of his belief that mixing of nationalities would create true friendship and understanding, and who found that neither in others nor in himself could any mental elevation or even physical nobility of behaviour withstand the stresses of those years, received the somewhat chilling answer that he had lived on theories, and that the solution of life was simply life. The reason why no solution had even begun to be reached by means of the War was that what it provided was not life at all. Of course nothing came of it, or, rather, nothing but disaster. Human nature was quite inapt to support such pressures. "Profiteering, social debauch, intellectual disorder," had settled on the sturdy little village, and only disappeared when, and because, it was bombed out of existence. "Souvenir!" cried the sophisticated little girl to the poor

The Red Horse

lad as he wandered through the ruins. But "oublier" was all he asked.

Do not imagine that this is the sort of war-book people have long declared themselves sick of. Nor is it cheaply cynical, nor youthfully pessimist. Its rare brutalities are due to the writer's bitterly hurt sensitiveness; its subtleties mark no weakness. Underneath it is a never-proclaimed conviction that there is a solution and a way of coping with life, by no means to be congealed into the *cliché* that life is life's solution.

C. C. M.

M R. W. E. BROWN, a former lecturer in History at Glasgow University, has published a volume on the venerable Scottish martyr *John Ogilvie* (Burns Oates and Washbourne). The earlier half of the book, called the "Introduction," gives the author's narrative of Ogilvie's life and death; the second part contains in full most of the authorities for the facts—the Latin sources being translated into English. The method involves a good deal of repetition, but the interest of the reader never flags. John Ogilvie belonged to a noble Scottish family and was born about 1580. He was brought up as a Calvinist, but being sent to the Continent in his early teens, he was received into the Church at Louvain in 1596. Three years afterwards he became a Jesuit novice, and in due course was ordained priest. Few details of his early life have been preserved, but Mr. Brown gives us a skilful sketch of the circumstances in which he lived and the problems that confronted him. He came to Scotland in 1613 in the disguise of a soldier. After a ministry, fruitful indeed but lasting scarcely more than a year, he was captured through treachery and delivered to the custody of Spottiswoode, the Archbishop of Glasgow, a bitter enemy of the Catholic cause. In his various examinations the Martyr proved himself a gallant champion of the Catholic Faith. He had to meet crafty and dangerous questions as to the deposing power of the Pope—a matter treated excellently by the author. Prompt and witty, frank and absolutely fearless in his

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replies, he won the admiration and almost, strange to say, the friendship of his judge and torturer, Spottiswoode himself. "He kept him and heard him willingly," as Herod did St. John the Baptist. The commoner policy adopted in Scotland was one of banishment, priests being forced to take an oath never to return. But John Ogilvie was not denied the martyr's crown. The charge of treason was, of course, declared proved, but all must have known that he died for his loyalty to the faith of his ancestors. Mr. Brown rightly emphasizes his outspoken plea. "Let the King do as his mother and all other monarchs of Scotland have done, and there will be no need for him to fear the Jesuits any more than does the King of Spain. What do we owe him more than our ancestors owed to his; why does he seek for more than they left him for inheritance? They never had spiritual jurisdiction, nor did they claim it. They never had any faith other than that which is Catholic and Roman." On the scaffold was made to him an offer, and not for the first time, of wealth and preferment if he would apostatize. His noble bearing and courage won him the sympathy of the crowd. One of his last acts was to cast his rosary among the bystanders. It fell upon a Hungarian nobleman who happened to be present. Thenceforth this man—he was a Calvinist—knew no peace until he embraced the Catholic faith.

P. E. H.

DUO sunt rivi, per quos aureus ille Latinitatis fons usque ad hodiernum nostrum saeculum permanat. Quorum alterum dico exempla illa antiqua, puta Tullii vel Maronis, quae codicibus tradita per multos annos inter bibliothecarum tenebras latebant, aut neglegentibus iis qui tunc erant, aut certe parum feliciter imitantibus. Rivum igitur dicas subterraneum, qui sub antris caliginosis diu absconditum, vix dum exeunte saeculo millesimo quadringentesimo in lucem iterum prorupit. Quippe viri doctissimi antiquitati penitus dediti Latinitatem novam vel potius renovatam ex imitatione veterum haurire sunt aggressi. Haec est illa doctorum Latinitas quam colunt

Ros Rosarum

Academiae, qua ludorum magistri Augeano quodam labore puerorum animos imbuere nituntur. Alterum vero rivum habemus continuam illam traditionem, qua sermo Latinus, ut erat totius Europae et Catholicae praesertim Ecclesiae perpetuus interpres, superfuit semper et superest. Quae traditio, tamquam amnis sub divo per alveum naturalem decurrens, qui neque ut in patulo gelidus neque ut in paludibus limpidus potest subsistere, non sine aliquo detimento facta esse comperitur. Neque enim solum pristinus ille antiquae Latinitatis vigor decurrentibus saeculis est imminutus, sed barbare locutiones cum eadem ex magna parte sunt immixtae. Itaque factum est ut qui Medio durante Aevo Latine scribere commenti sunt, turbidi alicuius stagni, ex ingenuo illo fonte primitus derivati, speciem pae se tulerint. Quid multa? Apud hodiernos quoque auctores, qui res ecclesiasticas tractant, minus elegans viget oratio, quamquam sub alterius rivi influxu aliquantum in melius mutata.

Quaeris, quid possit etiam hodie doctrina, veterum auctorum exemplis penitus imbuta? Volvendus tibi igitur libellus sub titulo *Ros Rosarum* a Magistro Ostiario Collegii Beatae Mariae de Etona nuper conscriptus, in lucem vero apud prelum Cantabrigiense editus. Tanta est enim in his versibus concinnitas, tanta facilitas, ut modo Nasonem, modo Flaccum, modo Catullum, in terris iterum esse natum sis putaturus. Liceat de hortulo tam fragrantι unicūm florem decerpere, versus scilicet quos hic legimus de viro desiderato A. Cortie, qui inter Societatem Jesu siderum notitia sideris instar ipse emicuit:

Quascumque, Corti, visis in aethere
partes et ipsam lucis originem
linquens et explorata mundi
moenia sidereosque tractus,
Descende caelo, cum poteris, pater
explere rursus discipulis sitim
dignatus et rerum latentes
terrigenis aperire causas.

[Our Reviewer, Father Ronald Knox, has evidently in mind Cardinal Bourne's wish that Latin should be in more general use.]

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Num melius potuit Flaccus? Immo num aliter?

Sed cum venis ad *Anthologiam Mediaevalis Latini*, a Magistro Stephano Gaselee per Macmillanos publicatam, in altero crure est caliga. Nam hic vides quomodo in omnibus aetatibus homines locuti sunt linguam Latinam tamquam suam—exakte tamquam suam. Hoc non applicat ad totum librum, nam extracta de Poggii Facetiis, quamquam multum jocosa, monstrant ungulam divisam Renascentiae, et scripta sunt scholarium Latino. Non est omnino aedificans liber, nam insinuat fuisse tempus ubi clerici non erant doctissimi, et nimium amabant pecuniam. Historia est, v.g., de sacerdote qui dixit se nescire utrum Epiphania fuisset vir an femina. Sed non est collectio anticlericalium extravagantiarum; exemplificat potius evolutionem linguae Latinae de classica in bassam, de bassa in mediaevalem; et multam venustatem habent etiam ea quae horridissime sunt scripta—inclusae sunt aliquot lineae de bene noto “Rhythmo” Bernardi Morlacensis. Editor appendit notas, quae sunt (vix necessarium est dicere) eruditissimae. Haec extracta tam intertenentia sunt, ut solum videatur esse misericordia editorem plura non dedisse.

R. A. K.

THIS STORY OF OSCAR, by John Ayscough (Hutchinson and Co.), begins at the time of the Indian Mutiny. Amongst the boy's earliest recollections are the torture and cruel death of his parents and the explanation of a coolie that the “Sahibs” were murdered in order to satisfy the outraged Deity. Thus, at the tender age of five, he begins to conceive of God as a vindictive being. His first guardian is an uncle who is practically without religion; his second is the head of a most unpleasantly “religious” family of an extreme evangelical type. At Oxford he falls in with the most shallow and ridiculous Ritualistic youths, and with other religious cranks. With such unfortunate religious experiences it is hardly surprising that Oscar remains without faith in God. How at last he attains to Divine faith and love it is the purpose of the book to relate.

Story of Oscar

As a "spiritual Aeneid" the book is valuable: the incidents are generally of interest and the descriptions, both of scenery and of Oscar's states of mind, often vivid and powerful. But yet we feel that it does not reach the level which, in so many delightful works, the author has established for himself. No doubt this is due to the circumstance, of which we are informed by the paper cover, that the book was written when the author was a young man and is now published for the first time. The apologetic force of the story would be far greater if the other religious bodies with which Oscar came into contact had been portrayed at their best, or at least with some sympathy. As it is, they are so highly caricatured that we can hardly blame him for remaining an atheist. One wonders, too, how Oscar was ever attracted to the family of Catholics, one of whom he marries. Although the author seems to wish us to like them, we must confess that we found them, for the most part, quite intolerable.

The workmanship is frequently at fault. The punctuation is often trying, and even grammatical errors are not unknown. Petty inconsistencies abound. The Brudenells never lost the Catholic faith, yet Father Brudenell is a convert. A man called "Bill" in the course of a few lines becomes "Joe." Veronica is compared to Miss Yonge's heroine, who at the age of eleven marries a lord of thirteen. Two pages later the same comparison recurs with the ages reversed. Oscar at twenty-five is an atheist; before he is thirty he has already been two years on a foreign mission as a Jesuit priest! We could easily lengthen the list. We should have been glad, too, to have been spared the scraps of verse interspersed in the narrative. We feel that the work of the author's youth needed a more thorough revision.

P. E. H.

MOST of us know the Western and Imperial background to the Papacy of Nicholas Breakspeare. The turbulent character and measureless ambition of Barbarossa have seen to that. His reign—he survived the man who gave him the Imperial crown at Rome by a whole

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generation—is almost as confusingly kaleidoscopic as a chapter in the history of the nineteenth century. We know, that is, Pope Adrian IV solely from the political angle. Now Princess Edith Almedingen supplements our knowledge of *The English Pope* (Heath Cranton) by a vivid evocation of the spiritual background across which this unique saint played a part that leaves romance breathless. Here is his life in a few sentences.

Born of poor parents in Herts near the Abbey of St. Albans, he, while still a boy, on being refused admission into the Abbey, tramped to London, thence to Dover, begged a passage from Dover to France and got it, studied at St. Denys, and then made his way to Avignon. Here he is admitted to the Convent of the Canons Regular of St. Augustine, becomes Prior, then Abbot. His inflexible maintenance of discipline—I fear he was a bit of a boss—causes a revolt among those who elected him, which brings him to Rome and to the sharp-eyed Eugenius III. He is made Bishop of (the irony of it!) Albano, then Cardinal, then Papal Legate to the dark and barbarous Norway, from which he returns in a few months to mount the throne of St. Peter itself. Does history give us anything to parallel it?

It was probably his success in the North, where ecclesiastical problems were woefully complicated, owing to the fact that conversion had more or less been imposed on the people who were still half-pagan, that led to his being elected, *propria industria promerente*, successor to Anastasius IV.

And he never forgot the North. The author quotes Snorri: "When he was Pope, he never had any business to settle but he would break it off to speak with the Northmen who desired to see him."

Two things stand out from the rest in this book which make it valuable to the student who wishes to get a right historical perspective of Mediaeval Europe. The first, which Fr. Martindale emphasizes, is the sharp contrast between that universally Catholic Europe and the class cleavages of the Europe of our time. The second is the

The English Pope

indelible impression it leaves upon you of the psychology of the Scandinavian in the tenth and eleventh centuries. "These Northmen knew more than anyone else about the world in their time. . . . Their history came so to be shaped that their victory-fields were on the waters, and a boat's deck was dearer than any warmly-lit hall." They had three routes of pilgrimage to Rome, but the route they yearned for, which only the wealthiest could afford, was the Vestvegr, the Western route, which "led from the coasts of Norway to the shores of Africa, and the Northmen loved to boast that they never touched land throughout the voyage."

Princess Edith Almedingen does not discuss the question of the authenticity of the Bull "Laudabiliter." She simply says Adrian did give it to Henry II. My instinct tells me she is right, not because he thought the English Church could reform the Irish, but because there was a strain of the Walter Raleigh and the Robert Clive in his veins. The weight of evidence, as a lawyer would balance it, is against us, however. It is neatly summarized in Dr. Gilmartin's *Manual of Church History*.

P. McB.

THE most important historical work of the year is Harold Temperley's *Foreign Policy of Canning* (G. Bell and Son), which follows as a dramatic and meticulous sequel Professor Webster's mighty tome on Castlereagh. They were the great dominating statesmen when Catholic Emancipation came on to the horizon. They could envisage it from other than the insular and insolent British view-point. Castlereagh had learnt from Cardinal Consalvi to respect Rome as a European power, and Canning was a Whig in his support of Emancipation, though to become Prime Minister he gave the King to understand that the question would not figure in his policy. He died after his hundred days of Premiership. There can be no doubt that with the Whigs behind him he would have gladly given Catholics the Emancipation which the Tories allowed so sullenly after.

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This monumental book really says the last word on Canning. Mr. Temperley has read every word Canning left in writing, a feat which can only be compared with Professor Webster's reading of three or four hundred thousand documents bearing on Castlereagh. The spirit of Samuel Gardiner lives yet among our historians! Between the two works the comparative merits of Castlereagh and Canning should be for ever settled. They were the colossal driving pistons of English policy after the Napoleonic War, and their work survives Victorian statesmanship and more recent tinkering in the affairs of this unhappy and nameless planet. Mr. Temperley compares Castlereagh's "constructive qualities, serene steadfastness, and cosmopolitan detachment" with Canning's "infinite resource and intellectual imagination"—Castlereagh's glacial gravity with Canning's lively levity. It was said that Castlereagh could not make a speech without making a friend, while Canning never failed to make an enemy. One showed character while the other exhibited talents.

Canning's Foreign Secretaryship threw over the government of Europe by Congress, recognized the Spanish-American Colonies, and negotiated the Independence of Brazil. However galling England's treatment of Catholics was at home, it was lastingly beneficial and important to newly formed Catholic states abroad. It is a century since he recognized Buenos Ayres. He associated his name with the South American Continent in a nobler fashion and with more enduring memory than colonist or conquistador. His policy was to maintain a British isolation tempered by occasional and overwhelming interference—the sublime and unexpected application of a giant's force to the affairs of the world. When legitimist France foolishly invaded a constitutionalist Spain he sneered off and recognized the revolting Spanish colonies. Though the Pyrenees fell, he maintained the Atlantic, and thereby he smashed a Holy Alliance which left out Pope and Sultan. The holiness of the Alliance died with the mystic dreamer Alexander. The holiness of the Pope survived to emphasize the best of what the Czar had dreamed. It

Foreign Policy of Canning

is pleasant to think that if Castlereagh saved one world, Canning freed another. Let Canning and Byron between them bring England the credit for Navarino and the freedom of Greece, though the reactionary Metternich could not help writing of England's part in the Greek Revolution : "Is England then ready to regard as a power equal in rights to that of the King the first Irish Club which declares itself the insurgent Government of Ireland?" Ireland was forgotten in those days. Canning's predecessor was believed to have settled her for ever. But already there was a prophet coming who was to refound European democracy, and upon a Catholic basis, in healthy contrast to the clerical Legitimacy and reaction which Canning was engaged in countering in France and Spain. Our only criticism of Mr. Temperley's classic, as nobly designed as it is minutely annotated, is that, unlike Professor Webster's volume, he has not a paragraph or a bare note concerning the Holy See during Canning's era.

S. L.

PROFESSOR WEBSTER'S *Foreign Policy of Castlereagh* (Bell and Sons) is perhaps the one great historical monograph written since the war, though for fifteen years has it been in preparation. It covers the seven years 1815-1822, and treats of the Holy Alliance, the pious prototype of the League of Nations. The author has consulted "three or four hundred thousand letters, despatches and memoranda." He has for ever redeemed the character of his hero, and incidentally given him the credit for introducing a new system of diplomacy. Metternich, Alexander the First, and John Quincy Adams play their parts around his glacial protagonism. It is obvious, for one thing, that Castlereagh prevented further warfare with the United States. In the midst of the "torment" of carrying on the European Alliance, he committed suicide. He was worn out and not in fear of blackmail, as the *Creevey Papers* assume without contradiction. In this connection Professor Webster wisely writes : "One is almost tempted to wish that the law of libel could be

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invoked on behalf of historical characters thus maligned." A cursory note in reference to Lytton Strachey's *Queen Victoria* mentions that "much in that delightful book depends on gossip." Catholic readers would, of course, be most interested in hearing Professor Webster's opinion of Cardinal Consalvi, which is known to be very high, but the Congress of Vienna was over, and the dying Cardinal might be said to be consolidating his gains apart from the main diplomatic vortex. Professor Webster adds: "With the Papal See Castlereagh always endeavoured to maintain the most cordial relations. His zealous advocacy of Catholic Emancipation and his personal friendship with that practical statesman, Cardinal Consalvi, had won him much influence and attention at Rome." Lord Burghesh wrote from Florence: "It is of the utmost importance that a legal channel of communication with the Pope's Government should be provided. From the want of it every Jacobin, every knave or fool, speaks for the name of England and is attended to." Castlereagh was unable to recognize the Temporal Power officially, but he wrote to Consalvi: "Your Eminence is aware that in the present state of our laws there are difficulties and delicacies to be observed, but I trust that nothing will impede the mutual desire between the two States to render to each other genuine and reciprocal acts of kindness."

It is curious that, while the author was readily admitted or helped in the Record Office and Foreign Office Archives, not only in London, but at Vienna, Berlin, Petersburg, Hanover, and Paris, he should have been denied access to the Londonderry papers at home. Occasionally amid the masses of new and well-digested matter the historian snatches his chance and speaks, for example, as Tacitus might have, had Castlereagh been a servant of the Caesars: "It was perhaps his greatest achievement that all that he did was done so unobtrusively and with such little desire to enhance his own reputation that it obtained the obscurity necessary for success." How well this phrase would fit the founders of great religious achievements. And again we feel that he and Consalvi were worthy of

Policy of Castlereagh

each other's steel and esteem in reading the final words so applicable to both, which describe "the smiling, inscrutable, and splendid presence" which sacrificed to public duty "not only his comfort and health, but all those personal and intimate emotions which are the greatest part of the lives of most men, however exalted their state."

S. L.

IN its title—*The Love-Letters of Mary Hays* (1779-1780), edited by her great-great-niece, Miss A. F. Wedd (Methuen)—this volume only partly describes its contents. For here, too, are the love-letters of John Eccles, the man who died after an engagement of two years, just when he was becoming well enough off to provide a home for his betrothed. Perhaps the title implies that a woman's feelings are usually more romantically interesting than a man's in the telling. But John and Mary in these letters are as equally matched as were Robert and Elizabeth in those Browning Letters that, in their mentality, brook no comparisons. The "exquisite sensibility" of Mary's days, ridiculed by Jane Austen, did not express itself in the familiar modern terms of endearment. He is always "Mr. Eccles" to her: she never calls him by his Christian name. Her long mourning for him was marked by literary pursuits. As "Eusebia" she replied in a pamphlet to Gilbert Wakefield's *Enquiry into the Propriety of Public Worship*. Dr. Priestley was one of those who wrote to her in appreciation; and she, having read Mary Wollstonecraft's *Vindication of the Rights of Women*, wrote likewise to its author, the beginning of an acquaintanceship which was made profitable to Mary Hays by advice on literary matters, including even instructions as to the reading and marking of proofs. She confessed to Godwin that she had "an inexpressible passion for the acquisition of knowledge, an ardour approaching the limits of pain." Out of a second unhappy love-affair was born a novel, *Emma Courtney*, in which she printed the despairing letters she had addressed to the object of her unrequited devotion. Perhaps the most convincing testimony to the advance

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made in the world of femininity in a hundred and fifty years might be found in a comparison between such a book as *Emma Courtney* and one of its counterparts in the literature of to-day—for choice, Millicent Sutherland's memorable human document, *That Fool of a Woman*.

The association of Mary Hays with the Godwin household did not lead to any of the upsetting or squalid situations it commonly connotes. Mary Shelley, when her father died, wrote to Mary Hays, promising to return her letters to Godwin, adding, "My son, now sixteen, was among the mourners. Your name is, of course, familiar to me as one of those women whose talents do honour to our sex and as the friend of my parents." The love-letters addressed to John Eccles, if of no literary significance, have a personal note that commands our general sympathy and sometimes our particular regard. An extract here and there will indicate the constantly recurring trend :

How fleeting are this world's enjoyments! Young as I am, I am disgusted with them. Had I been a Roman Catholic, with what pleasure should I have flown to a cloyster, and dedicated my hours to that Being who formed me.

Easier said than done, Maria (the only liberty Eccles allowed himself with her name), and "pleasure" is too light and facile a word. She has her inevitable scruples :

I was a stranger to the sensibility of my soul till you called forth all its powers. If it is indelicate to avow an attachment so warm, so animated yet so pure, of what indecorum have I been guilty!

And, after an evening together, she complains of "that extreme freedom with which you treat me" :

Positively I will not allow it. You tell me "you do not merit to be treated with reserve," nor do I wish to treat you so. I have no reserves to you; I never will have any. You are infinitely too dear to me to be treated with either reserve or distance. But is there not a medium? Do you wish me to forfeit my own esteem, if not yours? When you are present, I have not courage to resist you.

Other riddles of the Universe are her perplexity, when, in later life, she laments the sudden death of a friend:

Love-Letters of Mary Hays

"Good God, how dark and intricate is Thy providence to the understanding of weak men!" The reader of these unpretentious pages, admirably arranged and edited, will hardly put them down without the grateful feeling that he has been in the society of a newly-found friend.

W. M.

AKING'S *Lessons in Statecraft* (Fisher Unwin) gives us an English translation by Mr. Herbert Wilson of M. Jean Longnon's edition of the curious "Instructions" drawn up by Louis XIV for the benefit of his heir. It is a valuable document in its open manifestation of the ideas and motives which underlay all the policy of that King, and gives us many curious illustrations of the period. Louis XIV is a monarch of whom very various estimates have been made by historians. To Lord Acton he appeared as "the ablest man born on the steps of a throne in modern times," while to Mr. Ogg, the most recent writer of the Oxford School of History, he seems "the most criminally stupid man in history, who acted on the worst principles of a bad past, disgracing his country rather than himself by the unquestioning obedience which he extorted, and exercising on posterity an influence second only to that of Napoleon in its baneful fascination for the shallow and flashy mind." Here we have his own thoughts and motives set forth plainly and without any concealment, and are thereby given considerable help in estimating the truth of these and other summaries of his character. In this "Memoir" he reveals himself as a true lover of France, but incapable of understanding that France could have any interests apart from his own; as entirely unscrupulous as to ways and means by which those interests could be advanced; but certainly not as "criminally stupid," or even intellectually inferior, though no doubt high ideals and far-seeing policy are not to be found in the story of his reign. He was a hard worker and realized fully that for an absolute monarch it must be "toil, by which he reigns and for which he reigns." Nothing, he thought, could be "more undignified than to see all the administration on

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one side, and on the other the mere title of King." "Our submission to God," he writes, "is the law and example of what is due to us." He regarded himself in his kingly capacity as "the lieutenant of the Almighty." His one end was the glory of France, with which, in his idea, his own glory was inseparably one. But the means by which that glory was to be attained, and his lieutenancy of the Divine Power to be exercised, had no limits imposed by honesty or justice. It is very curious to note in these pages with what absolute naivety and unconsciousness the most indefensible actions are recounted, apparently with no idea that anyone could find fault with them, since, after all, the motive for which they were ordered was the advancement of the interests of France and her King.

A. S. B.

THE name of his new novel, *The Viaduct Murder* (Methuen), proves that Fr. Knox meant it to be bought as a detective story, or at any rate a tale of mystery. Now this kind of writing is a formula with an infinite number of variations an acrostician—there's the half of an acrostic in the handful of clues, by the way—can be happy as the day is long mixing up. It serves a healthy purpose in keeping active brains from idleness, but it can no more claim to be literature than can its stepbrothers, the crossword puzzle, the acrostic, or the chess three-mover. So it is there are no mystery stories, so far as I know, that can be called great literature. You must have an old-fashioned taste, indeed, not to be exasperated by Poë (who'd compare him to his translation in Baudelaire?), and stories like Bourget's *Parole Donnée* are only secondarily mystery stories.

And yet there is only one thing to save this book from being a best-seller, and that is the composer's use of the pieces on the board to introduce a caustic commentary on that type of popular pseudo-science which reaches its most tiny note in Wells' *Outline of History*, a work Fr. Knox no doubt may not have had in mind at all. An aroma of literature is over all that commentary. His advice, as if

The Viaduct Murder

he were very conscious of this, to skip a particular chapter does not take us in. It is an agreeable bit of literary tactics done, you remember, for example, in William de Morgan's *Alice-for-Short*. As an impressive *tour de force* and a psychological fact the story reminds me in its way (if you subtract the obvious mental fatigue of the translator of Ibsen) of Archer's *Green Goddess*, only it won't hit the great public so plumb in the eye as the melodrama did.

Praise of the book on the whole extends itself, one finds, into a series of negatives. It uses a stereotyped thing like a priest's hiding-place of penal days (the most dramatic description in the book—for a few minutes the novel is real literature) *not* tiresomely; it does *not* show up the local police as unhuman miracles of doltishness; the elucidation of the problem does *not* depend on an impossible amateur Rouletabille; hanged and all as he is, the murderer does *not* lose your sympathy; you really do *not* guess who until the end; lastly—and this is by far the best thing in the book—there is no clue dragged in for the mere purpose of misleading you; the false scents are really and truly likely ones. Extraordinary praise, when you come to think of it. But some, remembering what Fr. Knox has written already, will feel in two minds whether they're glad it is deserved.

P. McB.

IT does not appear when or to whom the six lectures which Mr. J. S. Fletcher has collected and published under the title, *The Reformation in Northern England* (George Allen and Unwin), were delivered. They deal in turn with Thomas Cromwell and his agents, the suppression of the monasteries, the northern friars, Henry VIII in Yorkshire, the time-serving clergy, and the great pillage in northern England. They are popular in form. Mr. Fletcher has not indulged in original research, and makes no pretence of having done so; he quotes largely from well-known writers, and tells us from whom he is quoting. His object is to put clearly before his hearers a vivid

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account of the iniquities perpetrated at the time of the so-called Reformation. He must have been quite successful with his audience, and there is not much to quarrel with in his general presentment. Mr. Fletcher speaks with indignation of what was done, and is particularly moved to ire by the thought of the destruction of hospitals and grammar schools and the pillaging and ill-usage of the parish churches. These churches were, he contends with Dr. Jessop, on whom he relies, built by the people, and not, as is so often assumed, by either monastery or squire. This is a matter on which it would be difficult to generalize with confidence, but the theory seems a highly probable one, except perhaps in regard to the chancels. He repudiates the charges of general immorality in monasteries of men and women, and, so far as the North goes, pertinently asks what was the feeling of the people regarding the charges made against their brothers or sisters, uncles, aunts, and cousins who were in the monasteries, and adds that the answer was the Pilgrimage of Grace. The general impression left by these lectures must be all that could be desired; but caution must be observed in regard to details. For example, on p. 19, speaking of Wolsey after his fall, Mr. Fletcher says that "the untiring energy which he had displayed as the chief minister of Henry was eclipsed by the arduous labours he took upon himself as ruler of the northern province," whilst on p. 145 he writes that "he never came to York at all . . . until he had fallen from power . . . and when he did come in 1530 he had only spent a short time at Cawood, making arrangements for [his enthronization] when he was arrested and carried away southward to die at Leicester." And again, when speaking of the suppression of the friars, instead of stating what orders were actually in existence, he contents himself with saying that besides the four principal ones, there were *or had been* (!) a number of others which he names, some of which had certainly been suppressed two hundred and fifty years earlier, whilst another which he describes as an English order was neither English nor an order of friars.

E. B.

Pilgrimages

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NO considerable literature has been published in the non-Catholic world about the pilgrimages that mark the Holy Year. The public Press has kept itself religiously at home; or, if a recorder, now and then, of the arrival in Rome of bodies of English pilgrims, it has made us almost conscious of its smile in print. The pilgrim, time out of mind, in good nature and ill, has been made by poet and player the ready target for a jest. Of course, the peas in his shoes were boiled; and hardly less cheap is the current talk about hotel bills and the first-class railway ticket. But Mr. Chesterton, in the opening and closing passages of his *New Jerusalem*, has modernized to perfection the ancient feeling of the proper pilgrim; and somehow he manages to associate the coming and the going with the friendly antics of a dog.

Perhaps the salutation of the daily journalist lacks the friendliness of the dog's parting or welcoming bark to the pilgrim. More than seventy years ago, an able writer, a Catholic convert, felt called upon to remind the public that pilgrimages may be accepted as a part even of natural religion. We may follow him now, with an equal pertinence, in his own glances backward. In profane antiquity, we are reminded, serious men went to Egypt to be initiated in the mysteries of Osiris. It was to such visitors that the Sphinx of Mount Phicoeus proposed the enigma of which Oedipus—a cross-word puzzler before his time—discovered the solution. Believing Turks went to Mecca; and three yearly pilgrimages to Jerusalem were of obligation for all scattered male Jews. Women, at times, went with their husbands, as did the devout Anna, wife of Elcana, and mother of Samuel. And we have word of our Blessed Lady herself “going up every year, at the solemn day of the Pasch.” On the first Palm Sunday there were even “certain Gentiles among them that came up to adore on the festival day.”

Nor did a pilgrimage cease to be a praiseworthy detail of religion when Christ left on earth His new law of grace. One inspired Apostle exhorts us to behave “as strangers and pilgrims”; and all particular pilgrimages, whether to

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Jerusalem or Rome, Compostella or Walsingham, Loretto or Lourdes, are the accepted figures of the pilgrimage of life. "The true pilgrim"—wrote a French Jesuit, whose *Loretto*, in an English translation, was dedicated to the wife of Charles I. in 1630—"hath always in his thought the place whither he tendeth." He does not dally by the way: Even the processions made use of in the service of the Church commemorate life as a journey—pilgrimages in little:

He endureth in town and field all the incommodities and dangers of men and beasts, contempt, injury, hunger, thirst, heat, cold, sometimes lying under the house-roof, sometimes under the cope or canopy of heaven; sometimes merry and well-disposed, sometimes again weary and crazed; humble, patient, courteous, wise, and circumspect in all his actions. All this is practised in the pilgrimage of a man's life. Our pilgrim shall allegorize also all parts of his furniture and apparel, and shall attire his soul to the likeness of his body.

The early Christians, inheritors of tradition, let their steps follow their hearts to the Holy Land, "that most worthy and most excellent, and Lady Sovereign of all other lands," as Sir John Maundevell has it. If it was an act of natural grace to visit scenes so associated with the Beloved, divine grace was sought to be gained by it. Says St. Jerome:

It would take too long to reckon up the number of bishops, martyrs, and wise ecclesiastics who have come to Jerusalem, not considering that they had yet attained the degree of perfection they might attain, until they had adored their Lord in the places whence the Gospel originally shone forth. Not that we deny there are holy men in other places also, nor that we are ignorant of the fact that the Kingdom of God is within us. Nevertheless, hither come the flower of Christendom from Gaul. The distant Briton, too, hastens hither to visit places already well known to him by report and through the Holy Scriptures.

Such a passage shows that the fourth century gathered pilgrims in plenty, of whom, indeed, St. Jerome himself was one. St. Cyril of Jerusalem offers the same testimony. And confirmation comes from the doings of "ungodly men,

Pilgrimages

or, rather, the whole race of demons by means of them," who, according to Eusebius, early in the second century, covered the Holy Sepulchre with a mound, on which they placed a statue of Venus, so that Christian pilgrims coming thither might seem to offer their devotion to the goddess.

After Jerusalem, Rome. St. Chrysostom expresses for himself a general sentiment, still drawing minds and feet to the tomb of SS. Peter and Paul :

Would that I could see the dust of those hands which were once bound with chains, and by the laying-on of which the gift of the Holy Ghost was conferred. Would that I could see the dust of those eyes, once blinded, but deemed worthy to behold Christ. Would that I could see the tomb wherein lie those limbs, mortified to the world whilst yet he lived. And with it is the body of Peter, whom, whilst living, he honoured (for he says he went up to Jerusalem to see Peter), and who, when dead, was brought into the same tomb.

"The paradox of prayer" does not become more intelligible for pilgrims. "Are not the Abana and the Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel?" The question has a kind of patriotic pertinence; and the Liverpool railway clerk may wonder why our Lady, the Queen of Courtesy, bids him to Lourdes or La Salette, at risk to his remaining strength and ruin to his family, to be healed of ills for which West Grinstead or St. Winifred's Well offers him no cure. In the strange case of the tomb of St. Felix at Nola in Campania, and St. Augustine's recourse to it to solve a serious difficulty arising from an accusation made by one of his clergy against one of his monks, the accused and the accuser were to journey to the Italian shrine, there to be moved to a discovery of the secrets of their conscience. But why this distance? Was not St. Cyprian's tomb at hand, and the shrine of St. Stephen nearer to them? "I very well know," St. Augustine allows, "that God is everywhere":

Nevertheless we go by facts which are seen and known to all men. We do not attempt to pry into the hidden counsels of God, and to enquire *why* these miracles are done in one place and not done in another. We are satisfied by the fact. Within our own

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knowledge, at a sacred shrine in Milan, where the evil spirits are in a wonderful and terrible manner forced to declare themselves, a certain thief, who came there to perjure himself, was forced to acknowledge the theft and to restore the stolen property. The shrine of St. Felix of Nola is notorious in the same way. We have an abundance of holy martyrs' remains in Africa, yet we know of none where miracles of this particular class are wont to happen.

St. Augustine goes on to say that just as all Saints have not the gift of healing, nor all the discerning of spirits, so neither shall all miracles be worked at all shrines, but only some at some. So there might seem to be specialists in shrines as well as in Harley Street consulting-rooms! But the far vaster experience of to-day indicates that at every shrine a thousand graces and gifts of a thousand varieties are at the unclassified disposal of—the favoured.

W. M.

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